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of Early Western Days

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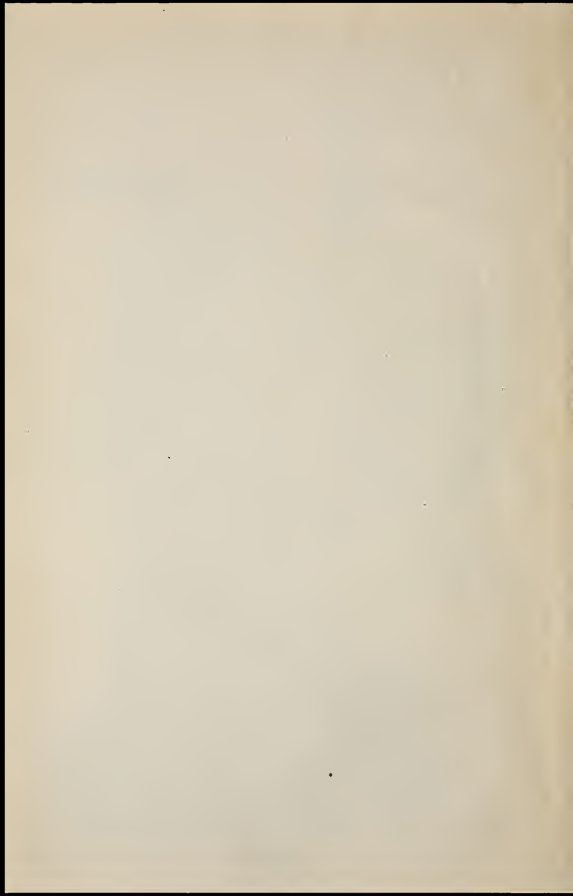
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FORT EDWARDS, 1830.  
From original etching made by a grandson of Major John Remele Wilcox, commandant of the forts on the Mississippi river.



# Pen Pictures of Early Western Days

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VIRGINIA WILCOX IVINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. S. IVINS

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TO MY HUSBAND,  
THE SHARER OF MY JOYS AND SORROWS;  
WHO WAS ALWAYS "TO MY FAULTS A LITTLE BLIND,  
AND TO MY VIRTUES VERY KIND,"  
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED  
BY THE AUTHOR.



IN PRESENTING THESE PEN PICTURES NO LITER-  
ARY MERIT IS CLAIMED, BUT THAT IT IS AN  
AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF SCENES AND OCCURENCES  
IN WHICH THE AUTHOR EITHER TOOK PART, OR TO  
WHICH SHE WAS AN EYE WITNESS.



## CHAPTER I.



SO much has been said and written in regard to the early settlement of Keokuk that is merely traditional and often with small foundation, therefore it might not be amiss for one who was among the pioneers of the place to jot down a few events, and describe a number of interesting localities.

Prior to the year 1827, the little village at the foot of the Des Moines rapids was only known as the Point, by the people living near; it was in fact merely a station of the American Fur Company, and as such a large trade was carried on with the Indian half breeds and French, also with the white people living in the vicinity, most of whom were residents of Illinois. The nearest settlement was at Warsaw, then known as Fort Edwards, being one of a chain of forts on the Mississippi river. The others were Fort Snelling on the north; Fort Armstrong, now the United States Arsenal at Rock Island; Fort Madison, and Fort Des Moines, at the present site of Montrose.

My father, Major John R. Wilcox, was in charge of the forts on the east side of the river during the Black Hawk war. My brothers and

sisters were all born at the forts and my mother was a typical soldier's wife, accompanying him on his trips from one fort to another, often in the dead of winter. The settlers on both sides of the river sought protection at Fort Edwards during the war, returning to their homes at its close. Many close and lasting friendships were formed, by the mutual need of protection, and residence under one roof go to express it, and the names of many friends of my parents and grandparents were familiar to my childhood as household words.

My father and mother both died when I was very small, and my first coming to Keokuk was to make my home with my uncle, Dr. Isaac Galland, in 1840.

The first white settlers of Keokuk were the employes of the fur company, together with the French and half breeds, the latter numbering about thirty-one, although a decree of partition which later became a law, called for one hundred and one, and the Half Breed Tract, land which was given to these people by the government, was divided into that many shares. The Indians brought many furs and pelts to the trading post, and a large traffic was carried on in exchange for blankets, beads and bright colored calicoes, not to mention liquor in plenty. Game was abundant, such as deer, wild geese, trukeys, quail, phesants and the smaller animals, which could be had for the killing.



Chief Keokuk's village was some five or six miles distant at the Yellow Banks on the Des Moines river.

The buildings at that time were the few log cabins of the French and half breed settlers near the river. These were built of round logs, with chimneys on the outside made of sticks and the fire place was faced with flat stones for a fire back and all were chinked with clay. They usually had one small window close beside the door, and were quite warm, with a large fire place occupying most of one side of the cabin, where could be rolled in a huge back log. The rafters overhead were hung with skins of wild animals, ears of Indian corn, strips of pumpkin, and venison hams hung up to dry, while the walls were decorated with guns, shot pouches and game bags made of buckskin tanned by the Indians. The floors were made of puncheon; these were logs split in half with the flat side up, and were often quite uneven.

The headquarters of the fur company, which bore the euphonious title of Rat Row, was built by them, being added to as occasion demanded; it also served as a steamboat landing, being close to the water's edge, between Main and Blondeau streets. It was a long rambling structure built of round logs, two stories in part with a rude stairway on the outside leading to the second story. These floors were of puncheon also and a platform of the

same extended around three sides of the building. At the north end was a row of one story cabins occupied by the head men. Boat stores were kept in connection with the company's store for the accommodation of steam and mackinaw boats, the latter were a sort of flat bottomed scow square at both ends, being propelled by poling and paddling. Steamboats were becoming quite numerous and as my earliest home was on the river at Warsaw, before my sixth year I had learned to spell out the names of the Red Rover, the Black Warrior, the Rosalie and the Maid of Iowa; this was a small side-wheel boat running up the Des Moines river. She was afterwards sold to the Mormons and run in their interest taking passengers from St. Louis to Nauvoo, some twelve miles above Keokuk, in Illinois.

The first actual white settler, aside from the fur company, was Moses Stilwell, who came to Keokuk in 1827. His family consisted of his wife, three children and his wife's two brothers, Amos and Valencourt Van Ausdol. The family were domiciled at Rat Row while the men were building a cabin for them at what is now the corner of Ninth and Morgan streets, then a dense woods. The first christening was that of their little daughter a year or two old, who was baptised by the missionary priest. She was named for Mrs. Margaret Aldrich of loving memory who was sponsor for the little



RAT ROW IN 1840.



pioneer. Mark Aldrich, husband of this lady, was the agent of the fur company, living at Rat Row. He was afterwards a settler at Fort Edwards during the Black Hawk war. Mrs. Aldrich herself is my authority for this statement, and Margaret Stilwell was a schoolmate of mine. She afterwards married Dr. E. R. Ford, living for a number of years at First and High streets.

After the close of the war as people returned to their homes the little village began to improve and log houses were erected farther up on the hillside.

About the year 1837, the town of Keokuk was laid out a mile square by my uncle, Dr. Isaac Galland, who surveyed, platted and gave it its name. He was assisted in the work by a surveyor named Brattle, whom I remember quite well. Dr. Galland also named the streets, and squares, three in number. Of these there were Franklin square on Main between Ninth and Tenth, Chatham square at Seventh and Morgan, and Arch square at Eleventh and Timea streets. Unfortunately these squares were not kept for park purposes as intended, for this would have added greatly to the beauty of the town.

Dr. Galland had taken the plan of Philadelphia as a model, and our wide Main street was patterned after Broad street in that city. The Doctor had maps struck off, and many were the plats of the town and maps of the surrounding country my

childish fingers painted and made ready for distribution. At the time of my first coming to Keokuk, June, 1840, there were a number of houses in course of erection, mostly of hewed logs with a few of frame. Daniel Hine had built a comfortable hewed log house on Water street between Main and Blondeau, bringing his family here from Warsaw. Madam St. Amant, one of the leading half breeds who could not speak a word of English, lived on Concert street between First and Second. Her son, Frank Labershier, was the French and Indian interpreter. He was very handsome with much native polish of manner, a splendid specimen of a man. He died shortly after I came, leaving only his mother and two sisters. At that time there were a number of French residents here, among them Maurice and Piere Blondeau, Joshua Palean, Edward Brishnell and others, most of whom had Indian wives. Henry J. Campbell, whose wife was a Potawatamie half breed, had a cabin on First street between Johnson and Exchange; Alex. McBride, whose wife was a daughter of Madam St. Amant, lived on Bank street between First and second, and on the corner of Main and Water street, with a porch on the front and a garden back of it, on the slope of the hill lived Mrs. Gaines of whom more anon.

Dr. Galland had built quite a pretentious house for the times on Water street between Main and

Johnson street which is still standing, a store below and a dwelling above. Here he brought his wife and little niece expecting to remain and send for the other members of his family. He also had in course of erection a most comfortable house part way up the hill on the south side of Main street between First and Second, where the stones of the foundation are still to be seen. This was finished and the lumber on the ground for the superstructure when Mrs. Galland was taken seriously ill and he left at once to seek medical advice for her in St. Louis, securing, as he thought, a trusty agent to attend to his business and also to superintend the finishing of the house and have it ready for us at our return.

No sooner were we out of the town than the agent had the lumber hauled out into the country some four or five miles to a piece of land that he had jumped, put it up and moved his family out there. He called it the Hermitage and it still stands solitary and alone.

Two years later when we returned the agent met us at the wharf and invited us to go to his country place till my uncle could procure a house. We went and spent two pleasant weeks in the house which should have been our own. The agent meerly made a joke of the transaction, saying: "Oh, Doctor, we did not expect you back and I needed it badly," and he kept it. Possession was nine points of the

law in those days and so my uncle was obliged to buy a house in which to take his family. This was a small frame cottage on First street between Main and Johnson and by adding a few rooms we had a cosy home, with a flower garden in front where my cousin and I planted and tended pretty old-fashioned flowers.



CHAPTER II.



RS GAINES, before mentioned, was a well known character; she was a New England woman whose father on coming west to St. Louis had married a French woman for his second wife, his daughter thus becoming familiar with French customs. She came to Keokuk as the reputed wife of John Gaines, who died shortly after, leaving her alone among strangers quite penniless with two small boys by her former marriage. She was obliged to do something to support herself and them. When her strenuous life began she donned turban and handkerchief in imitation of French women and went to cooking, keeping boarders and managing the affairs of the town to such an extent that she was dubbed the Mayor. She became coarse and hard, losing the fair, delicate looks of her youth, took to swearing in both French and English boasting she would shoot any one who molested her, and I think she would; at any rate I saw her chase a man a block with an old pistol which had neither lock or barrel. The men were all afraid of her, or pretended to be, and she assumed the position of arbitrator in many

of the disagreements and disputes naturally arising in such a varied population.

We boarded with her and I knew her well and liked her too, for she was very kind to me when my aunt was so ill. There was a most wonderful loft to her house where she kindly stored numerous things belonging to my aunt and many of my childish toys; but like the spider and the fly, whatever went up her ladder never came down again. This loft was also packed with china taking a few pieces at a time from the store which my uncle carried on, where he kept goods far in advance of the needs of these early days. Mrs. Gaines would go to the store half a block from her house and fill the check apron which she always wore and walk out, while the clerk, Ayers by name, neither stopped or reported her. In this way she had numerous sets of gold band china to give to her friends, some of which might still be found in Keokuk.

Early in September, 1840, I left Keokuk with my aunt and uncle, taking the steamboat *Rosalie* for St. Louis, from there going on to Louisville, Kentucky, where we remained three or four weeks, thence proceeding to Cincinnati, Ohio, where we arrived just when the Harrison campaign was at its height. The Henrie House where we stopped was the headquarters of the Whig party in that city, where politics ran very high. My uncle was a staunch Whig and from hearing almost constant

discussions and conversations on the subject I learned, young as I was, much about the different aims and issues of the party. We remained at the hotel until after the presidential election when we went to board with the widow of Owen Lovejoy, the first abolition martyr, who was killed and his printing press thrown into the river at Alton, Ill., for advocating the abolition of slavery, in the year 1839.

We remained with Mrs. Lovejoy until after the election returns were received. Our next stop was at Chillicothe, Ohio, where we witnessed a grand parade and I helped illuminate our rooms at the hotel. I learned many campaign songs, one of which accurately described the parade. It runs thus:

"There were steamboats and fortes and log cabins  
And then a great Cleveland brig, too,  
All drawn on wheels by fine horses;  
Hurrah for old Tippecanoe!"  
Hurrah for old Tippecanoe!"

Proceeding on to Zanesville we saw another parade and heard Tom Corwin, a noted politician, deliver an address. He was known as the Waggoner boy and his rostrum was a lumber wagon.

We were joined at Chillicothe by my uncle's two children, a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve years of age. Going on to Akron, Ohio, we three were placed at school making our home with my grandmother at an old stone mansion on the farm which once belonged to my grandfather, now the

site of Perkins park in that city. We remained there two years, my aunt and uncle traveling most of the time.

In the autumn of 1842, my uncle having finished the business in which he was engaged and my aunt being quite restored to health, they decided to return to Keokuk and occupy the home which they supposed was waiting for them. As we were quite a good sized family, my uncle purchased a canal boat and fitted it up with the contents of his house, a complete outfit of beautiful mahogany furniture for parlor, dining room and bed rooms, together with a well-stocked larder and kitchen, and employing an experienced pilot and taking my aunt's efficient housekeeper and cook, we started on the return journey. Our boat was to be towed by horses down the Ohio canal to a point near Pittsburg where we would come into the Ohio river, thence floating down to Cairo; from there we were to be towed by steamboat up the Mississippi to Keokuk. A fine plan had it been earlier in the season, but all together a very slow mode of travel for a journey of fourteen hundred and fifty-three miles with the winter in prospect.

The trip down the canal was delightful in the lovely September days, loitering on the green banks, riding the horses and stopping at all of the villages, while on coming into the river it was equally enjoyable. We saw many places of interest, which

were rendered doubly so when my uncle described them to us as they were in his boyhood which was passed at Marietta, Ohio. Among them was Blennerhassett's island where we spent most of a day in rambling over the once magnificent estate. There were still standing the tall stone gate posts of the entrance to the grounds. The ruins of the mansion were now overgrown with vines and sapplings and we drank from the old well which still yielded good water, while my uncle described its glories as he remembered them before Aaron Burr wrought the ruin of the ambitious Frenchman and his beautiful wife.

All this was most interesting to me, for, as my grandmother had told me, and which is now a matter of history, it was into the hands of my great-grandfather, James Pritchard of Jefferson county, Ohio, who was Speaker of the Senate, that the proofs of the treasonable plot gotten up by Aaron Burr assisted by Herman Blennerhassett, which was said to be backed by foreign powers were given; and it was with his aid and that of Abram Shepherd of Adams county, Speaker of the House, that Governor Tiffin was enabled to quell the rebellion and cause the arrest of the leaders before the trouble became known at Washington.

Floating slowly down the river, it was late in October when we reached Cincinnati where we should have been early in the month. Quite an

exciting episode occurred on the morning of our arrival there. A passing steamboat caused a heavy swell of waves when by some mismanagement of the pilot our little craft fell into the trough of the river causing it to roll so badly that it came near capsizing. We passengers and the furniture were thrown about in dire confusion, and although none of us were injured it was not a pleasant experience. My uncle was so disgusted that on reaching Cincinnati he sold the small boat in which we had been so comfortable to the first customer and engaged our passage to St. Louis on the steamboat Raritan. The weather had turned intensely cold and on reaching Cairo we found the Mississippi so full of floating ice that our progress was very slow, and the night of our arrival at St. Louis the river became completely blocked. This changed our plans entirely and compelled us to remain there for the winter. My uncle at once rented a house and placed us children at school.

After an absence of two years I returned to Keokuk with my uncle's family as before stated, and for several years knew all about the place, being of an inquiring mind and good memory. We left St. Louis on the first boat up in the spring, were nearly a week on the way, arriving here on the first day of April. The river was barely opened, the ice being packed almost to the middle. We were obliged to walk quite a distance before reaching the shore.

### CHAPTER III.



ANY changes had taken place and the village was fast developing into a town. The Mackinaw boats of the French and the canoe of the Indian had given place to elegant steamboats. A system of lighting had been established and boats could now have their cargo transferred around the rapids by loading it into barges which were towed up along the shore with horses, and re-loading at Montrose, thus enabling more rapid transportation. Large quantities of freight were handled in this way, there being no other means of moving it except by wagons. Often steamboats would get fast on the rapids and remain for many days and it was a dangerous task to get them loose from the rocks.

Numerous houses had been built and the town was creeping up the hill. Both Main and Johnson streets had houses between First and Water streets, but as yet there were none up as far as Second. Lyman E. Johnston was then building the hewed log house on Johnson street which so mysteriously disappeared last year, soon moving into it with his family, his wife and daughter Sarah Marinda, who was my best friend.

In June, 1845, this cabin was sold to Charles Ivins who weather-boarded and remodeled it, building a small brick addition. Later Charles Ivins sold it to Hugh Doran, who was the cashier in the Pioneer Bank established by George C. Anderson about 1845. Doran died there, after occupying it for several years, then the place went to ruin and now only a few stones mark the spot of the once cosy home.

About 1843 Lyman E. Johnston built a brick house on Second and Main and a year later Daniel Hine one on Second and Blondeau streets. These were the first brick houses, the material being brought from Nauvoo in flat boats.

The cabin of Louise Hood, the only daughter of Dr. Samuel Muir, was situated on Bank street near the corner of Second. Poor Louise had a checkered career. Dr. Muir and my father were warm friends and his daughter gave me her own history. Dr. Muir was a Scotchman, educated at the University of Edinburgh, who on coming to America obtained a position as surgeon in the United States Army, and was stationed at Fort Edwards during the Black Hawk war. After coming west he married an Indian woman and had two children of whom he was devotedly fond, James and Louise. His resignation from the army was caused by an order from the War Department prohibiting the officers from retaining their Indian



wives. Placing his daughter in the care of Mrs. Mark Aldrich at Warsaw, after providing for her maintenance and education, he took his son and went west to the Missouri river. I do not know that he ever returned to Keokuk. His daughter told me that they both died out west.

Louise made her home with Mrs. Aldrich till she was grown becoming quite well educated and very much of a lady, moving in the best circles of the place. At the age of sixteen she married Amos Van Ausdol coming to Keokuk to live. Eleven months after their marriage Van Ausdol died leaving his wife a posthumous child, and in most destitute circumstances. Being unable to support the child, she gave it to her husband's sister who afterwards disowned her on account of her Indian blood, and she was utterly friendless. In desperation she married Alex. Hood who abused her terribly. She gave birth to an idiot child, and Hood was killed in a drunken brawl, leaving her worse off than before. In her loneliness and despair she fell a prey to evil. Augustus Gonzega, a half breed who lived at her house, became her friend and they were to have been married; but fate seemed to be against her for he was taken very ill and died without the ceremony being performed. She was the owner of two full shares of half-breed land, her brother being dead. This consisted of twenty-four town lots and an undivided share in one hundred and nineteen

thousand acres of land, but no money or where to lay her head. The land sharks who were grabbing all the half-breed land they could get hold of, induced her to sell her shares for a mere song; and after a long life of toil and poverty she died in 1882, leaving her demented daughter a heritage to the county. She was our laundress for many years, so I knew all about her. My uncle and aunt befriended her many times when she was in trouble.



CHAPTER IV.



NORTH of Keokuk extending quite to the head of the rapids was a dense growth of immense sugar maple trees, tall and straight. Numerous sugar camps were carried on in the late winter and early spring and large quantities of sugar were made, by both Indians and white people. Any one could go out and select a camp for themselves and occupy the same from year to year. Madam St. Amant's camp was a favorite resort in sugaring-off time. It was just where the electric light plant is now situated. One year my uncle, Franklin Wilcox, located a camp and made over three hundred pounds of sugar besides almost a barrel of syrup.

The road to Montrose led up under the trees which grew along the shore, almost to the water's edge, a fine gravelly road with beautiful shade. It was a favorite resort for horseback riding parties which were very fashionable at that time.

The pioneer church of the village was of course Roman Catholic. A lot had been given on the corner of Blondeau and Second streets, upon which to build a church; meantime a small house of two rooms was put up on the corner of the lot at the

rear and here masses were said, one of the rooms being fitted up as a chapel, the priest living in the other. Weddings were also solemnized in the small chapel, one of which I attended, that of Elizabeth Hunt and Henry Louis, my cousin and myself being the only witnesses. Elizabeth was a member of our family. Dr. G. Walter Barr has given the story of their romance as I gave it to him, in his story, "The Victory of the Valliant," in *Success* for September, 1904, with few alterations.

The lots surrounding the church were used as a cemetery. On one occasion twenty-five men were buried there who were killed by the explosion of the steamboat *Mechanic* in her endeavors to get off a large rock in the first chain of the rapids, from which circumstance it took the name of *Mechanic* rock.

The priest was an elegant man, a native Frenchman, most zealous in his work, preaching in both French and English, and was building the church with his own hands. I well remember seeing him at work on the roof in hot July days with his long coat closely buttoned to the chin. My uncle and he were warm friends. He was a frequent visitor at our house and a most welcome guest.

Meetings of other denominations were held in a log school house on the corner of Third and Johnson streets, where my young ideas were beginning to shoot, and where at the same school, which was

taught by a man by the name of Fletcher, were boys who as men became prominent in the affairs of the town. Among these I recall George E. and Henry Kilbourne, James Daugherty, William Oldenburg, Edward Brown, Valencourt Stillwell. Of girls there were Margaret Stillwell, Sarah Marinda Johnstone, Zilpha Pooler, Amarilla McCain and Margaret Billings. I only remember the name of one preacher and that was Pliny Hatchet who was an elder of the Campbellite church, as they were then called. The ministers were itinerant, mostly Methodist and Christian.

The choir for all these meetings was composed of the Wycoff family, the father and five or six white haired urchins, to which I always added my voice, not wishing to be outdone or take a back seat.

The postoffice was established about 1848 or 1849. At the time of which I write L. B. Fleck was postmaster. It was kept in a frame building on the corner of First and Johnson streets and with it was also carried on a general store. I remember paying there a very precious quarter of a dollar for the first letter I ever received; postage was somewhat of an item then.

\* The first Fourth of July celebration in the village was that of 1843. The citizens built an harbor on First street, extending north from the postoffice about seventy feet, under which was set a long table,

All sorts of provisions were contributed, an ox was roasted and sumptuous dinner served to all who would partake. Cannon were fired, spread-eagle speeches were made and the military company gotten up for the occasion marched to the music of fife and drum with eagles in their eyes, firing my youthful heart with patriotism. The dear old flag was drawn to the top of a tall liberty pole which blossomed like Aaron's rod in its unfurling. A great bonfire was lighted as the sun went down and the day closed in a blaze of glory.

About the year 1840 was erected the Rapids Hotel on Water street at the foot of Blondeau. By some mismanagement it was placed directly in the middle of the street, a two story building with long porches facing the river. The hotel was kept by William Coleman whose wife was a relative of D. W. Kilbourne. It was here that the memorable champagne supper and party were given by Henry DeLouis on the occasion of his marriage to Elizabeth Hunt, which cost the poor Frenchman all the money he possessed.

The topography of the place has been entirely changed by the grading of the streets and cutting down of the hills, so that an old settler looking over Keokuk would scarcely be able to recognize the place. There was a deep ravine running directly across Main street near Ninth street, dividing the town in two, over which was a wide bridge. The

west end was called Cataragus. The hills near the river have also been graded and cut down many feet. The drive now known as Grand avenue wound around the edge of the bluff commanding a magnificent view, which is now considered one of the finest on the Mississippi river.

One of the most interesting and beautiful localities in the old days was the Painted Rocks, which have never been written of and which no one seems to remember. Beginning at the foot of Johnson and Water streets was, and still is, a low bluff some seventy-five feet in height extending down the river for half a mile. It was quite perpendicular on the river side, with a smooth face of white limestone, the entire surface of which was covered with pictures painted in bright colors of men, beasts and birds with hieroglyphics running through it all, seeming to tell a story of long forgotten days. It was never deciphered and the Indians knew nothing about it. Wind and weather had no effect upon it, but the hand of man soon spoiled its beauty when stone was needed for improvement although there was plenty to be had in other localities. In high water the waves washed the base of the bluff but generally there was a fine pebbly beach with an occasional bolder; it was a lovely spot, a favorite resort of the citizens on summer evenings. Many times I have strolled along the smooth shore with my aunt and cousin and watched the moon rise over the

Illinois hills making a path of glory across the dear old river. The view from the top of the bluff was very fine. Many of the earlier residents had homes in that part of town which was then quite aristocratic. This is the place which was talked of for a park, but it can never again regain its old time beauty for the painted rocks are gone forever.



CHAPTER V.



**I**N 1843 the last large band of Indians, about fifty in number, came to Keokuk on their way to Indian Territory, having been ordered there by the government. There were six or seven braves who stayed at my uncle's house, he furnishing them with meals and his office in which to sleep, where they rolled themselves up in their blankets on the floor. They were extremely fond of coffee which my aunt had served to them in bowls as best suiting their appetites. These braves were on their way to St. Louis to receive their annuities, leaving the larger part of the band, mostly old men, squaws and papposes, at the camp which they had made on the present site of the golf ground. After an absence of a week the braves returned and made ready to resume their journey with their ponies and camping outfit. Some of the citizens were desirous of having them give a war dance before they departed, which at my uncle's earnest request they consented to do. The then vacant lots at the corner of First and Johnson streets were selected as the place to hold the pow-wow. Boxes and barrels and other inflammable materials were piled high for a huge bonfire. The day

was spent by the braves in making preparations for the great event, in painting their faces, necks and arms with bright colored paints, braiding their hair and otherwise decorating their heads. By sundown they were quite gorgeous, seeming greatly pleased with the result of their labors, while all the band came in either to see or take part: the entire population of the villages were there as spectators. When it was quite dark the fire was lighted and the exercises began. First smoking the pipe of peace and shaking hands all around in token of friendship, at a sign from their leader they dashed madly into the circle with whoops and contortions and most violent leaping and dancing, while their companions beat upon anything to add to the din. As the fire grew brighter their dancing became almost fierce, but when it began to die down their spirits seemed to ebb with it, and later in the darkness they quietly stole away.

The next morning they made ready to resume their long and toilsome journey. Going upon the bluff they gazed long with sad faces at hill, river and woodland, seeming to bid farewell to their loved hunting ground. Then with a lingering grasp of the hand to their kind friend and with tears streaming down their cheeks, they walked steadily out toward their waiting companions and started upon their journey toward the setting sun.

Years have passed since then, and the march of

of improvement has transformed the little hamlet into the prosperous city, but the picture of the red men is indelibly impressed upon my memory, and sympathy for them still lives in my heart, while I look with love and pride upon the home of my childhood which was once so dear to them.

As a natural consequence, owing to the unsettled state of affairs, rowdyism and dishonesty were rampant and Keokuk bore an unenviable reputation. As an excuse for their evil doings a vigilance committee was organized among the frequenters of the small saloons which had sprung up on the levee, headed by one Dr. Hogan, a protege of Mrs. Gaines, with the avowed object of protecting the citizens but in reality for quite the reverse. No one's affairs was exempt from their interference and an almost unbearable state of things existed. On one occasion the clothesline of L. B. Fleak had been robbed of the week's washing. The vigilants went to work ostensibly to ferret out the offender. Several different parties were accused of the theft but proved their innocence. At this juncture a man from some where up the country came to town on his way to St. Louis. He was at once pointed out as the criminal and notified to leave town before sundown or be lynched that night.

Dr. Galland, who was not at all in sympathy with the vigilants, decided to protect the stranger; accordingly he hunted up the man who was walking

on the bank of the river looking anxiously for a steamboat. The Doctor accosted him, saying: "My friend, do you know that you are suspected of being a thief and in danger of being horsewhipped tonight?" The man replied: "Yes, but I only came to the town this morning and I am perfectly innocent; what can I do to protect myself?" It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon. "Well," said my uncle, "I can only give you a roll or carpet on which to sleep, but if you wish to go home with me I will protect you till morning when there will probably be a boat here." The man very gladly accepted the kind offer and came home with my uncle who told my aunt what he had done and that there might be trouble. The house was not finished, only two rooms being ready for occupancy and there were quite a number of steps up to the front door. As night came on my uncle sent his son down to the levee, headquarters of the gang, to reconnoiter; returning he reported great excitement and threats of vengeance against Dr. Galland for interfering in their proposed sport; that thirty or forty men were coming up to take the man or tear the house down in the attempt.

We children were sent into the back room, the door being left open so we could see what was going on. There was no light in the house it being a beautiful moonlight night. My uncle took his position on the highest step at the front door, my

aunt stood beside with the stranger just inside awaiting developments.

About nine o'clock a crowd of men appeared coming up First from Main street, armed with pikes and grappling hooks to demolish the small house if necessary. Arriving at the front of the house they halted and for a few minutes there was a dead silence; then the leader, Dr. Hogan, said: "Dr. Galland, we have come for that scoundrel you have here." "Well," replied the doctor, "there is a man here who says he had only been in town a day and is perfectly innocent of what you accuse him; I believe he is, and I propose to protect him till morning when he will go on his way. It is an outrage for you to punish him without reliable evidence. If you want him you will have to come and take him, but I warn you that the first man who enters this house it will be over my dead body." And immediately he took out his revolver and an immense bowie knife and flashed it in the moonlight. There was a short consultation in low tones when the spokesman said: "Well, doctor, we do not want to harm you but have come for that man and must have him." "Very well," replied the doctor, "come and get him." And then he proceeded to give them a piece of his mind, and as his command of language was proverbial they received the full benefit. He then asked for some of the ring leaders in the committee but most of them had fallen by the way-

side on the march up. He then gave them some more plain English and while he berated them they began one by one to slink away and shortly the handful left went back to their lair more rapidly than they came.

As they went out of sight the house was shut up, the man given his roll of carpet and the family went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. The next morning a boat came, my uncle escorted the stranger to it and he went on his way rejoicing. But the end was not yet.

There was resident in town just one negro named John who had been a slave belonging to a wealthy farmer in Missouri by the name of Mitchell. John was a most reliable negro. He had bought his freedom from his former master and had about six hundred dollars laid by in his trunk with which to buy his wife. The vigilants at once turned their attention to John as he seemed easy prey, accusing him of the theft and ordering him to leave town; his trunk was searched and his money taken and the poor negro was in terrible straits. One evening my uncle walked down to the levee, not knowing of the trouble till he reached the scene, where he found Dr. Hogan horsewhipping John with the crowd looking on, not one lifting a hand to protect him. My uncle always carried a stout cane and he immediately stepped up to Hogan and began laying it on most vigorously, ordering him to let the

poor negro alone. No one came to the rescue of the ruffian and he for once in his life received a merited punishment. After giving him a severe chastisement Dr. Galland talked long and earnestly to the men, telling them what a bad reputation the place was having abroad from such outrages, and appealing to their better nature to redeem themselves and help build up a town in which it would be a pride and pleasure to live. That he wished to live amicably with his neighbors, but did not intend to stand by and witness any more such outrages, that there were other means to deal with offenders besides lynching, but if it was to be a constant fight he proposed to take a hand. There was no more lynching, but threats of vengeance against Dr. Galland were like mutterings of distant thunder that did not materialize. Poor John, however, left town the next day carrying an empty trunk.

## CHAPTER VI.



Yet there had been no division of the half breed land and the titles being in such an unsettled state caused untold trouble. Each half-breed owning an undivided interest, which in their ignorance or dishonesty they sold repeatedly to different people, creating great confusion and endless litigation. Many people had settled on the land hoping to get a good title later.

The Decree, a plan for dividing the land, had been gotten up, but the settlers and those left out of the Decree on one side, and those favoring the Decree on the other, were in a constant state of turmoil, and as a consequence much enmity existed.

In an effort to ameliorate the conditions commissioners were appointed, who upon not receiving their salaries, sued the owners of the land and obtained a judgment against the whole half-breed tract, some one hundred and nineteen thousand acres. This judgment was sold to Hugh T. Reid who in attempting to enforce his claims received some pretty rough treatment. On one occasion he was chased into the Des Moines river and came near drowning, but was rescued and rode into Keo-



kuk hatless with his coat torn from his back. Excitement ran high, mass meetings were held and money contributed to oppose the Decree in the courts but without avail, and it was ratified by their decision in 1841. This settled the titles and quieted the trouble to a certain extent. Much money was paid to different parties to prevent them from bringing lawsuits to enforce their claims, but the half-breed ghost, as some one has called it, would not down for years.

So much litigation naturally attracted lawyers and the place became noted for the remarkable ability of the members of that profession, many of whom became prominent in the affairs of the nation; and we refer with pride to such men as Gen. S. R. Curtis, Judge Samuel F. Miller, Gen. John W. Noble, George W. McCrary, Maj. John W. Rankin, I. G. Wickersham, Gen. William W. Belknap, Judge James M. Love and Judge George H. Williams, besides many others, some of whom made out their first briefs in the courts of Lee county.

The medical profession was also well represented by skillful practitioners, earliest among them being Dr. Isaac Galland, Dr. F. M. Collins, Drs. Hover and Hains, and a few years later Dr. John F. Sanford who first established the Keokuk Medical College in 1849, and a year later Drs. McGugin and J. C. Hughes.

The mercantile business was represented by men

of honor and integrity. Abram Chittenden and William McGavie were the pioneers, to be closely followed by Ainsworth & Dierdorf, and C. Garber.

There were few advantages here aside from the district school. Meantime, I had attended one of these taught by Mrs. Morgan Anderson, the wife of the Sheriff, on Main near Third; also one taught by George A. Hawley at the head of High and First streets, where I never tired of feasting my eyes on the magnificent view from this point.

In June, 1845, I was sent by my guardian, Benjamin F. Marsh, of Warsaw, Ill., to St. Louis where I attended Edgeworth Seminary, not returning to Keokuk until October, 1848.

Remarkable changes had taken place, and instead of the small town I had left was quite a pretentious little city. There had been built numerous homes, some quite elegant.

The Des Moines Improvement Company had been organized bringing to the town such men as William Leighten, Guy Wells, William Timberman, John McCune and some others. Although the enterprise was not a success they made their homes in Keokuk ever afterwards. Several of them built beautiful houses of the stone taken from the Des Moines river quarries; namely, Guy Wells one on the corner of Sixth and Timea streets, John McCune one on Third and Franklin, Gen. S. R. Curtis, who besides being a talented lawyer was interested

in this improvement, one on the south side of Second and High streets. Rev. Williams had also erected the stone octagon house on the north corner of the same streets, establishing a young ladies' seminary there; later it was sold to Mr. F. C. Davis for a residence.

Of brick houses there were quite a number. Lyman E. Johnstone had erected one on the corner of Second and Concert streets, William McGavic one near the corner of the same streets, John Cleghorn a brick on Second between Blondeau and Concert, T. W. Claggett one on the corner of Third and High, Edward Kilbourne one at the corner of Second and Morgan, Governor Lowe one at the corner of Third and Fulton, General Belknap one adjoining, James F. Death one at First and Exchange, and Capt. J. C. Ainsworth a brick cottage on First street between Blondeau and concert.

Of frame houses there were quite a number. Dr. E. R. Ford had put up a very pretty Gothic cottage on Blondeau between Third and Fourth, Gen. V. P. Van Antwerp one on High between the same streets, Dr. J. C. Hughes one on Second and Exchange, Dr. Galland one on Exchange, General Bridgeman one on First and High, Ross B. Hughes one at First and Bank, S. F. Miller one at Third and High, A. H. Heaslip a brick cottage on Second below Timea, and H. T. Reid had not only moved his family here from Fort Madison, but brought

his house also, quite a good sized frame of two stories, on flat boats and taken it up to the corner of Third and High where he lived in it for several years, until judgment titles made him sufficiently wealthy to build a fine brick residence, or rather commence one, for it was never finished.

The Veranda, a large brick building, was erected on Johnson street for a Court House, and in that the Postoffice was located with Col. William Patterson as postmaster. On Concert street was built a curious frame structure by Governor Lowe and a man by the name of Hummer, the plan of which was said to be given by spirits. It was used as a residence for their families, for a Presbyterian church on Sundays, and for spiritual seances during the week, with a resident medium named Mary Margrave who made some wonderful revelations.

The Market House was situated on Second street, open below with the city hall above, where public meetings were held as well as public entertainments. Two or three churches had been built: A Presbyterian on the alley between Blondeau and Concert on Second, and a Methodist on Fourth and Exchange.

The Rapids Hotel had been taken down and the material sold to John Burns who rebuilt it on Blondeau between First and Second, where it is still standing. Two newspapers were being published, the Des Moines Valley Whig, edited by James B. Howell, and the Keokuk Post, by a man named

Reese. There were two drug store, one kept by Dr. Boise and one by Mr. Ayres and his son Horace Ayres.

The hotels were also two in number, one at Fifth and Main kept by Mrs. Giger; and the fashionable hotel, the McFadden House, kept by a family of that name on Water street between Main and Johnson. The Laclede Hotel was building but was not opened until about 1850.

Wholesale stores were already being established, Cleghorn & Harrison, and Burns & Rentgen grocers; with Cox & Shelly in dry goods. While in retail there were P. D. Foster and Samuel Starkwather, dry goods, and S. Hamill grocers; with Capt. C. F. Conn, Harry Fulton and A. H. Heaslip clothiers. And pork packing, which was an important business, had as representatives J. F. Death and Frank Ray.

## CHAPTER VII.



THE society was good and as usual in a new country very gay with gallant men and many elegant women, almost every state in the union being represented—men were largely preponderant. Parties were of frequent occurrence and could be gotten up on short notice for all were ready for fun and frolic. And in place of the Frenchman Cheney who played for the pioneers, James Orten, familiarly known as Jim, had a large band of two pieces, himself and one other, and while he kept time with his foot called off figures, for in those days the waltz or gallop were unknown and even the lancers had not been introduced, but we had just as good a time dancing quadrilles with such figures as Do Si Ballanette, ladies to the right, and the Spanish dance, while the parties often wound up with Monie Musk or Virginia Reel. It might be going back somewhat to relate the last episode in the life of poor old Cheney, the fiddler, well known on both sides of the river where he was an important personage, making music for the pioneer dances. He lived just below Montbello in Illinois and when wanted at the Point would cross the river in a canoe, which was often

rather dangerous for a sober man, which he sometimes was not. One night there was a party at Rat Row. The people for miles around were invited. From Warsaw there came Major and Mrs. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich, Mr. Montague and David Mathews, making the trip in canoes also.

While the festivities were in progress a dreadful thunder storm arose, so of course the Warsaw party stayed all night. But no persuasion could induce Cheney to postpone going home till morning as he had left his horse hitched just across the river; so in the midst of the storm he put off on his dangerous trip. Nothing was known of him for a week or two afterwards when he and his horse were found drowned and lodged in brush and drift wood at the mouth of the creek on the other side of the river, which has ever since been called Cheney creek.

The first large assembly I attended after my return, was the Taylor ball, given at the McFadden house in honor of the election of Zachary Taylor to the presidency. It was a most elaborate affair; the ball room was beautifully decorated and the managers sent away for a real band. The toilets of the ladies were elegant and the supper sumptuous. We danced till the "wee small hours" and altogether it was an event to be remembered with pleasure. Five different men invited me so of course I had a grand time. I even remember the dress I wore

on the occasion—a white suisse, low neck and short sleeves, with rosebuds in my hair. My aunt said I looked real nice, which was the highest compliment she ever paid me on my looks.

The elite were all there; many names come to me of those attending. There were Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden and Mr. and Mrs. McGavic, both recently married; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Reeves, the latter afterwards Mrs. Judge Miller; Dr. and Mrs. Birdsall, Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Dierdoff, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman E. Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Telford, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Darst, Dr. and Mrs. Boice, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fulton and Mr. and Mrs. Bridgeman; and of single men I recall Frank Bridgeman, J. Lafe Curtis, Daniel Cramm, James F. Cox, Dr. Durce, Capt. Charles Morrison, William S. and Henry Ivins, Dr. Sullivan, Leroy McGavic, C. F. Davis, Joel Mathews, J. P. Reede, C. E. Stone, Ross B. Hughes, Charles Bradford and many others.

There were many very pretty girls, some of them beautiful. Of these I will mention Mary J. Hughes and Ellen Cole, two of the handsomest girls ever in Keokuk.

There was much sociability between Warsaw and Keokuk, especially in winter when the river was frozen over; as soon as the ice was strong



enough some one would break a road and sleighing parties were of frequent occurrence with supper and dancing at the Warsaw House. There was good sleighing on both the river and shore for three months of the winter 1848-49. There was also a large sleighing party to Ft. Madison, where we danced and stayed all night at the hotel kept by Col. C. H. Perry, who afterwards became a resident of Keokuk. At least three weddings grew out of that sleighride and one or two that were in anticipation were indefinitely postponed.

In 1850 the ferry between Keokuk and Hamilton was established and the dike was built, but as yet the town of Hamilton was only in name. Railroads were thought of but not built and the only means of travel was by the river or in the old Concord coaches, which carried many a weary passenger over roads almost impassable.

I recollect a trip I made from Burlington to Warsaw in the spring of 1848. I was just a school girl traveling alone. We left Burlington in a great lumbering coach at four o'clock in the morning, with nine passengers on the inside with four horses attached. The mud was hub deep; several times we were nearly mired down and the vehicle had to be pried out with rails. We did not reach Keokuk until nine o'clock that night, were driven at once to the wharf where a steamboat was just ready to start down the river. I asked the

agent, Mr. Daniel Hine, to take me on board, paid a dollar for my passage and reached Warsaw at eleven o'clock that night more dead than alive, as I had been sick all day from the rolling of the coach.

In 1848 the house on the corner of First and Johnston street, built by James Ivins, was sold by him to his brother, Charles Ivins, who remodeled it into a hotel, having leased to a Mr. Emery, who died before getting it into running order, leaving his widow with small means. Mr. Ivins kindly released her of the responsibility and while waiting for a tenant kept the house open himself, his son, William S. Ivins, taking temporary charge. As time went on no renter was found and Mr. Charles Ivins' family kept the house themselves for almost four years, giving it the name of the Ivins House. It was a most comfortable place for the times. Many of the old residents put up there on their first arrival in town. I could name forty or fifty prominent men who made their first home in Keokuk at the Ivins House. Many young men boarded there and it was very lively with parties, rides, walks and other amusements. In 1855 it was sold to a man by the name of Bunnell who kept it for a number of years.

Steamboats were really more numerous then than they are at present. A line of elegant packets had been established between here and St. Louis,

one of which was a remarkable blower and was quite appropriately named the Boreas, whose escape puff could be heard from Canton, twenty miles away; this may seem incredible but it is absolutely true; I have heard it many times and oft. Most of the others could be heard four or five miles; it was before the introduction of steam whistles and they were all high pressure engines.

Weddings were of frequent occurrence here, but many of the young men went away "for the girls they left behind them." Mrs. Emery opened a boarding house on Second street between Main and Johnson streets, and here it was quite the fashion for the newly married people to board. Among these I remember Capt. C. F. Conn and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rankin, Judge and Mrs. James M. Love, Capt. Charles Morrison and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Comstock, besides some others not so youthful who made their first married home with Mrs. Emery.

Mr. and Mrs. Abram Chittenden and Mr. and Mrs. William McGavic lived in apartments over their store on Water street. They were leaders in much of the gaiety, in most of which I participated until our departure for the West, four years after my marriage to Mr. William S. Ivins.

## CHAPTER VIII.



NOTABLE epoch was marked in the history of the United States by the opening of California to settlers, and in the year 1849 the discovery of gold made the emigration great, but in the year 1853 the exodus of enthusiastic emigrants from the states to the Pacific slope had reached its height. Not only had the wonderful gold deposits of California been developed, but the remarkable agricultural resources of the whole western slope had been demonstrated and an all absorbing interest in that far off Eldorado and land of sunshine pervaded the entire country, more marked perhaps throughout the Mississippi valley where thousands looked longingly towards that Golden Sunset Land, finally to turn resolutely Westward Ho, all undaunted by the besetting dangers of the overland journey or the perils of the tedious voyage around Cape Horn. Among these my husband and I decided upon the former mode of travel as being the quicker and perhaps less dangerous.

Blessed with the fearlessness of youth we started bravely forth to seek fortune and a new home with but slight conception of the dangers, difficulties and

hardships we were to encounter and knowing little of the sterner realities of life upon the more remote frontier.

The time of our departure was in the spring of the year as early as the weather would permit.

The previous winter months were spent by myself in busy preparations for the journey, in contriving suitable clothing for my husband, myself and for my little boy of a year old and in putting up such preserves, pickles and other delicacies as could be kept to become most acceptable when afterwards compelled to partake of cold meals as we often were throughout our trip.

Aside from these the provisions were such as were used in army life and consisted of ham, bacon, smoked beef and venison, crackers, hard bread and flour, tea, coffee and sugar, beans, rice, lard and butter, molasses, vinegar and other condiments. No vegetables were taken, the process of canning being then unknown, but a large fruit cake was put in for high feasts, together with wine, brandy and medicine.

My husband occupied most of the winter in purchasing a drove of cattle and such horses as he would need, in breaking oxen to the yoke and in fitting up the wagons of the outfit, three in number, which were worthy of description.

They were strong and heavy, not unlike those in present use on the farm and often met with on

country roads. The wagon boxes were divided into compartments and packed with the supplies not in daily use, and above these they were floored or decked over. To these decks were attached the bows upon which were stretched heavy duck covers.

To this extent the wagons were identical, excepting mine, which was called the house wagon, to which a more extended description will be accorded later. The baggage wagon was stored with bedding and articles in daily use consisting mainly of the camping outfit, tent, stove, etc., extra yokes and chains with two large cans for carrying water on the desert. These with the addition of the drovers' baggage filled every available space.

The second wagon was reserved to the use of Dr. and Mrs. Galland, my uncle and aunt, who had decided at a late moment to accompany us, being unwilling that I should undertake the journey with no other woman in the party. This was made as comfortable as possible, in fact quite cosy. The third, the house wagon, differed only from the others only in construction of the decking which extended out over the wheels, making the interior quite roomy. Its width accommodated a large hair mattress and bed with pillows, bolsters, etc. Back of these at the head of the bed was room for a side saddle and a large box for clothing, which could be used for a table when meals were taken in the wagon. At the forward end was a wide spring seat

with cushions and buffalo robes. The forward compartment beneath the deck was made readily accessible by means of a trap door, where we always kept some provisions and such articles as might be needed in an emergency, with a small can of water sufficient for two days' consumption. The back board was arranged to let down with chains so as to form a cupboard wherein were stored provisions for daily use, and was most convenient when preparing meals. The wagon top was lined with thick comforts making it impervious to wind and weather, and from the center swung a large lantern. Along the sides were long boxes like window gardens where were kept sewing materials and various odds and ends dear to the housewife's heart. Above these suspended to the bows by straps hung a shot gun with flasks and horns of ammunition. The fire arms were kept loaded until an accidental discharge of the gun engendered a greater degree of caution, but of this more anon. We are yet many days and hundreds of miles from this point in our chronicle, and it were ill to anticipate.

By the first of April everything was in readiness and the party made up, consisting of my uncle and aunt, my husband and myself and little boy, five drovers and a young German cook; in all ten adults and one child. Some few days were spent in arranging the last details and on the fifth of the month the start was made.

The day was anything but auspicious, the chill east wind blew a gale and the occasional gleams of sunshine that struggled through the dull and leaden sky only served to accentuate the gloomy and bleak desolation that pervaded the scene. But the hearts of the little band were brave and hopeful and the farewells were cheerily said. The wagons were started in the forenoon in charge of the men going out some ten miles to a point where the cattle were herded, and my uncle and aunt with Mr. Ivins and myself and baby boy went out later to spend the night at the farm house and be ready for an early start in the morning.

The following morning, April sixth, the regular line of march was taken up and the eventful journey of many months of danger, hardship and privation was well under way.

Heading the little train was the house wagon, then followed respectively the wagon of my uncle and aunt, the baggage wagon and lastly the cattle, a hundred of them with the drovers in the saddle. Everything was new and bright and during the first few days presented quite an imposing appearance.

The roads were almost impassable; for weeks it had rained almost unremittingly and they had become rivers and lakes of mud and mire that became worse as the train pushed on. Ten miles a day was the greatest possible distance made, and half the time was spent in doubling teams, which



would make ten yoke of oxen to a wagon, to pull them out of the mud holes and ruts while the rain came down in torrents.

The train halted at night where good pasture could be obtained for the stock, the family stopping at farm houses with the drovers camping, for whom Carl, the German cook, prepared meals.

On Sunday, April ninth, we reached Oskaloosa, the drive through town being made as the church bells were ringing for morning service. The sound filled my heart with longing for friends at home who were worshiping in the dear little church which would know us no more for years, but no regrets were spoken and we moved on at a snail's pace.

To add to the general depression my little boy was attacked with congestion of the lungs and the train laid by at a place called What Cheer with but small hopes of his recovery, but fortunately my uncle was a skillful physician and brought him through when death seemed almost inevitable. We were not comfortable at the inn and my uncle thought best to move on and carry the little one on a pillow, so we proceeded on our way, some one walking and carrying him for many days. However, the change seemed to be of benefit and he recovered rapidly.

## CHAPTER IX.



THE State of Iowa is three hundred miles across, the road leading up a divide between two or three inland streams and through a fine country, but still made dreary by the cold rains of the early spring. Passing farms and villages, fording creeks and ferrying rivers, April seventeenth we reached the Fabian river, where for the first time it was necessary to camp and sleep in the wagons. Here Mr. Ivins found it advisable to substitute fresher oxen, for those driven were very tired. It was distressing to witness the struggles of the poor beasts to keep from being yoked, but after hours of hard work it was accomplished and we drownd down a steep hill expecting to ford the stream and drive right on. What was our disappointment, however, to find the river so swollen by the rains as to be impassable except in a dug out made of a hollow log. Here was a dilemma; fortunately the cattle could swim and some of the men had to do the same in order to keep them together, but how to get the wagons and family over was the question. However, Mr. Ivins soon devised a way.

Unloading the lumber wagon he launched it like

a boat, then taking the family in it he towed it some distance up the stream and floated it across guided by himself in the dug out. In this way by many successive trips the whole outfit was gotten over. It was sundown when the last load was landed. My uncle, who was not much of a water man, was thrown into the stream by the upsetting of the dug out early in the fray, but fortunately with no serious consequences. The fire was made and Carl got supper while my aunt and I made the beds and cared for the baby for the night, and a more weary party never sought their downy couches.

The next few days were quite monotonous, the usual routine in camp and the steady gait of the oxen on the road brought us to Council Bluffs April twenty-first where we stopped a short distance out of the town pasturing the drove, while the family staid at the farm house and the men camped in the yard. Here we remained nine days.

Not being suited with his help, Mr. Ivins changed here for an entirely new set of men, all excepting Carl, and the final preparations were made, for our road now lay beyond civilization.

After a good rest at Council Bluffs we were quite ready for the forward move and on the morning of May first the little train was again in motion, driving through the streets of the town and across the wide flat to the Missouri river to be ferried over.

On reaching the flat we found, however, that there were at least five hundred wagons before us with thousands of cattle waiting to cross and were told that we must wait our turn, which probably would not come for several days. My husband was in no mood for waiting, so watching his opportunity he rushed in while some slower person was getting ready and before night we were on the Nebraska side and made our camp where the city of Omaha is now situated. To celebrate our fortunate start we killed a fine calf and feasted on the last fresh meat we had for three months, excepting occasionally when some one would kill a jack rabbit or a sage hen, although they were not very plentiful.

At an early hour on the morning of May second we took up our line of march toward the Golden West on the broad well beaten road, which was lined with vehicles of every description, cattle, horses, sheep and mules with men, women and children walking to save the beasts of burden. We were almost always in sight of trains for the first five hundred miles, further on as the roads branched off leading to different points or passes we were more alone.

It was a bright, beautiful morning and our courage was renewed by having made so successful a start west of the Missouri river. After luncheon Mr. Ivins went ahead to arrange about crossing the

Elk Horn river, which is the first branch of the Platte on the north side, as our road was to take us that way. He also would look for a convenient camping ground for the night. He had been gone but a short time when the sky became overcast and a fearful storm arose with wind, rain and hail which came down in torrents. The train had to be stopped and the oxen turned around to be sheltered by the wagons, while the men crept under them for protection. I was lying down with my little boy unheeding the storm and was singing as was my usual habit, but could hear the poor drovers below me complaining and bewailing their lot in no mild terms. Suddenly one of them exclaimed, "By George! if she ain't a singin'." My song ceased at once; not so with the storm which lasted over an hour; then the sun came out and we proceeded on our journey but did not reach Elk Horn till after dark, where we found Mr. Ivins waiting for us and anxious at our delay. He had selected a good camp ground and we were soon arranged for the night, but had to be content with a cold supper as we had nothing for fuel. From this on for hundreds of miles our only fuel was sage brush and buffalo chips which are anything but pleasant to burn.

As soon as Mr. Ivins came into the wagon he said: "Well, whom do you think are here? The Crams. I have just come from their tent where I left Mrs. Cram with her dress tucked up around

her standing on the only dry spot in the tent holding a bird cage and the girl trying to get supper." Now the Cram train had been a source of much worry to me and so deserves a special explanation.

CHAPTER X.



R. Cram's train consisted of a party from our home town of Keokuk and was composed of six persons besides drivers and servants. They were Mr. and Mrs. Cram, Mr. and Mrs. George, and Mr. and Mrs. Neuse. The first two ladies were sisters and had been dear friends of mine from childhood. During the winter we had planned to go west together. But as Mr. Ivins arranged to take a drove of cattle and Mr. Cram wanted to go with horses and spend less time on the trip, we gave up traveling together, only promising to see as much of each other as possible on the first part of the journey, but of course later on we would be far behind. Three months would be the limit to their trip, while to ours there was none, with every prospect of a tedious journey.

The contrast was just as great between our mode of preparation. Their train consisted of three large heavy covered spring wagons painted black, such as were used by the old stage lines for mud wagons in winter. They were somewhat like an ambulance but opened at the side with the driver's seat in front. There were folding beds inside,

leaving room for small chairs and sewing tables, work baskets, bird cages and pretty knick knacks around; and the women were tastefully dressed, and had a good girl to do the cooking, and taking all together they were very stylish. Mr. Cram rode a white mule with jingling accutremments, and they had an elegant marquee tent and camp equipage which was carried in a lumber wagon, and all were drawn by fine horses; and really they were "no end of swell," and the contrast worried me not a little.

The ladies of the party did not cross the state of Iowa in the wagons, but went to St. Louis by boat and thence up the Missouri river on the large steamer Kentucky which was owned by Mrs. Cram's father, he taking it to Council Bluffs to be used as a ferry boat during the rush of emigration. They had been at Council Bluffs two weeks. Their journey so far had been a pleasure trip only, as they had remained on the boat waiting for the water to subside. Their wagons were ferried across the same day with ours, but before noon. They had driven out as far as Elk Horn where they were again waiting their turn to be ferried over. This might not come for days as there were hundreds there before them waiting for the same thing.

The river had overflowed its banks and the water extended for miles on the other side of the river. So far we seemed the more fortunate, and I quite congratulated myself that my house was



at least dry, although it had only a duck cover. My little Dutchman was becoming most reliable and trustworthy and not at all afraid of the weather. While on the road he took care of my little boy, and in camp took entire charge; and I will say now that he was a true, faithful friend when friends were scarce, never faltering in his affectionate care for me and mine. May success and happiness attend him wherever he may be.

We retired early and after a good night's rest awoke by times in the morning; upon looking out I saw a perfect sea of white wagon tops and exclaimed: "Oh! we shall be so long waiting our turn to be ferried over." My husband replied: "I do not intend to wait," and started out to reconnoiter; soon returning in great haste, he said: "If you will hurry we can get across before any one else is ready." Things were just thrown into the wagons, and we were so fortunate as to be the first to be ferried, because we were for once the early birds. Mr. Ivins then went back and had the cattle driven into the stream some distance below, where, by keeping them away from the shore, they at last struck out for the other side, soon reaching it in safety, where the drovers herded them till the wagons were ready to start.

We drove on about five miles to high ground where we camped for the rest of the day, but no Cram train came in sight for four or five days. The

next stream to cross was Loup Fork, the second longest branch of the Platte; this we did, however, without difficulty. The cattle had learned what was expected of them when driven into the water, and at once made for the other shore where we camped for that night.

The morning of May fifth saw us moving on at the usual rate of about twenty-five miles a day. We stopped at noon for luncheon after which I decided to ride on horse back, which I often did in the earlier stages of the journey. My uncle rode most of the time, so I always had company. After I had mounted Mr. Ivins asked me to go and start up some of the drove which had lagged. The horse knew just how to do that so it would be no trouble. I saw that the saddle girth needed tightening and called to one of the men to come and fix it. He ran towards me throwing up his hands and calling me to hold on. This startled the horse which at once began stepping backwards, the saddle slipping with every step, and before I could stop him I was on the ground with his great hoof just coming down on my face. My arm was up holding on to the bridle. I let go of this and pushed his foot with all my might, taking the skin off my arm from the elbow to the wrist. I succeeded, however, in keeping him from stepping full on my face, but for weeks I was greatly disfigured with my blackened eyes and swollen nose. My ride was postponed for

that day; the excitement was great in the small party for I was a most important personage in their estimation, especially that of my husband, for we were like boy and girl starting out to seek our fortunes, I being at that time only twenty, and he just a few years older. A few days afterwards, however, I would have my ride, making another attempt in company with my uncle. The guide book said that after leaving Loup Fork there were no more trees for five hundred miles. We were quite skeptical and were sure that a clump of green some distance from the road must be trees, so we proceeded to investigate, riding off in great glee. It proved to be a ledge of rocks covered with bushes, and to our consternation an immense gray wolf walked out to meet us. We were not slow in getting back to the road, quite willing in the future to accept the guide book.

The whole country as far as the eye could reach was composed of low sand hills covered with coarse grass, cactus and sage brush, with the Platte on one side, along whose banks the road led most of the time. We could see the emigrant trains on the road on the south side of the river. On one occasion, looking across we saw a large herd of buffalo come rushing down a hill towards the river, trampling down both train and people in its mad career, and on into the river before they could escape. Many

persons must have been injured, but we could not ascertain if such were the case.

The Platte is a most peculiar river. On stooping down and looking across the water seems to round up like an over-filled goblet, and has a smoky taste like buckskin tanned by the Indians.

We were in the midst of the rainy season, and every afternoon were treated to the most terrific thunder storms I ever witnessed, which came up about four o'clock, the thunder and lightning snapping and cracking around like whip cords. Unless we camped early supper was out of the question, and on many nights a cold colation had to satisfy us. One night in particular the storm was so violent that the men could not guard the cattle. Since leaving Loup Fork we had been warned to beware of Indians and it was safer to have a guard, but this night it was given up. We seemed to be right in among the clouds, and in the morning passed two newly made graves of men who were killed by lightning the night before. We traveled on at the usual rate for several days without incident. Neither Carl or I knew how to make bread, and we were very tired of batter cakes and poor, heavy biscuits. One evening we camped near a very nice looking family. The woman was baking bread and it looked most tempting. I thought, what a fine thing it would be if we could have such bread. So I took courage and called on my neighbor of the night to

ask for information. She seemed quite willing to teach me and gave me some yeast with instructions how to use it. As I never kept house it was not strange that I did not know. We had thrown our stove away and had no way to bake except in a reflector and the wind always blew into that whichever way it came, making things taste of sage, and the flavor was anything but good; all of which I stated in pretty strong terms. She then offered me a Dutch oven which she said was too large for her use, which I gladly accepted. She also supplied me with yeast sufficient to last me all summer with care. I went home in triumph; sent Carl after the Dutch oven, and at once proceeded to try my hand at the new method. I did just as my kind neighbor directed, and in the morning had two loaves of elegant bread which Carl baked by making little fires of sage twigs on the lid and under the oven, which did not look as if they were doing any good, but the bread came out a beautiful brown. After that Carl improved on the teacher, made his sponge and bread over night, punched it down a little in the morning and baked one loaf while he was getting breakfast and another while we were eating and getting ready to start. I never saw such bread or tasted any as good before, and never expect to again. Upon the whole we were having rather a good time; were all well, were becoming inured to privations, and things were moving along quite satisfactorily.

## CHAPTER XI.



Y this time we had reached a point opposite Grand Island, Neb. After a long day's drive, had camped near the river, supper was over, the guards stationed, and we had all retired with no expectation of danger or harm.

All was quiet until about midnight, when suddenly without any warning or apparent cause, the whole one hundred head of cattle started up, went wild and stampeded, running right over the guards in their frenzy, and were off like the wind. The noise was like the roar of Niagara for a few minutes, and then all was silent. The guards followed and the other men joined in the chase, leaving my uncle and aunt and me quite alone in the camp. After hours of running they brought back about sixty, all the others having escaped entirely. There was no more sleep for them or us that night. The poor creatures seemed perfectly terror stricken, and it took the whole force to keep them from rushing off again. When daylight came, however, their fears seemed to subside. As soon as it was light in the morning Mr. Ivins prepared to go in search of those that were lost. Selecting his most reliable man, Clark by name, he made ready for







a three days' journey. No entreaties of mine could dissuade him and he assured me there was no danger, but I could not be convinced. After exhausting all persuasion in vain I had Carl put up a hamper of food, as much as they could carry, for the horses were so completely worn out with the night's chase that they were obliged to go on foot. So taking the hamper and a roll of blankets they departed on their perilous expedition. Going directly away from the road they plunged at once into the wild unexplored country, filled with buffalo, wolves and the more terrible hostile Indians. It was with a heavy heart I saw my husband start on that fearful journey, but to him fear was unknown, and he laughed at my anxiety. They soon found the trail of the cattle, which they followed steadily all day, at night sleeping on the ground. As soon as it was light they resumed their way, at a rapid gait, still keeping their eyes on the ground and beginning to have hopes of overtaking them.

They had walked in this way till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when for some cause Mr. Ivins raised his head, and glancing around he saw silently following them five Indians, and exclaimed: "My God, Clark, look at the Indians!"

The savages on seeing that they were discovered, drew up their guns and took aim at the two men, but did not fire, as my husband beckoned to them to come near. They rushed up and danced a war

dance around their prisoners, whooping and yelling like mad. Mr. Ivins pretended to think them friendly and explained to them by signs that he was hunting cattle, representing the horns and manner of running. They gave him to understand that they had seen them in a certain direction, and ordered the two men to move on with them. My husband refused but they pointed their guns at them again, in a most threatening manner, and he concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor," so they walked on until the sun was almost down. Again Mr. Ivins halted and signified his intention of having supper, and began building a fire. The Indians still insisted upon his going on, but he would not look at them and pretended not to understand. As soon as the fire blazed up one of the Indians kicked it out and cocking his gun ordered Mr. Ivins to march in no gentle terms, so on they went till almost dark and the usual storm was arising. Finally, reaching a small creek where there were willows, they held a council and deciding to camp began cutting willows for a wigwam. Mr. Ivins was heavily armed with a six shooter and large bowie knife and he at once began cutting willows, using his bowie knife which was bright and sharp. One of the Indians wanted to take it. Mr. Ivins gave it to him as a matter of course. He examined it closely, then taking a willow sapling cut it into small pieces, exclaiming with every stroke, "Whoo!" After my husband thought he had used it long enough, he

took it and again assisted in building the wigwam. The frame work being finished they took Mr. Ivins' blankets to line it and made quite a shelter. However, it was small protection against the Nebraska storms. The Indians then examined the hamper and took what food they wanted, discarding the pork, which they called "coche," but eating all the other kinds. Supper over, they went into the wigwam taking their prisoners with them, and laid down placing the two men between them.

By this time the rain came down in torrents and the water was soon six inches deep where they lay. The Indians with scanty clothing suffered terribly, grunting and groaning constantly. It was as dark as Egypt and as dreary. In the middle of the night, without the slightest apparent cause, they gave simultaneously the most terrific whoop, and sprang up dragging their captives out of the wigwam with the evident intention of dispatching them. As soon as they were released Mr. Ivins told Clark to get back into the wigwam as rapidly as possible, and he did the same. One of the Indians remained in the wigwam, and to this circumstance they probably owed their lives at that time, as had they fired into the tent they were in danger of killing their partner. In a little while the rascals crept back and laid down, but there was no more sleep.

When the sun rose bright and clear they got up and made a breakfast out of the provisions left in

the hamper, but seemed in no hurry to resume their journey. One of their number amused himself by representing to Mr. Ivins how they would shoot and scalp them, going through the motions with great gusto. Mr. Ivins pretended to think it a joke and laughed with him. They asked how many times his revolver would shoot, and he explained that it was one more times than there were Indians.

My husband instructed Clark that if an attack were made upon them that he should jump at one Indian and grab his gun, shoot another and that he would manage the other three. The villains, however, knew nothing of this. About eleven o'clock in the morning Mr. Ivins made up his mind that it was time to get away, so endeavored to make them understand that he must go to his wife and baby on the road.

He showed them his ammunition, and proceeded to divide with them, giving to each and shaking the flasks to show that he had given them an equal share. He also took a paper of pins, which he had in his pocket, giving some to each one; they were so pleased with these, sticking them all over their blankets.

He now directed Clark to take down the blankets and roll them up and be ready to start. One of the Indians wanted part of one of the blankets for leggings; upon Clark refusing to let him have it he became greatly enraged. Mr. Ivins seeing this took

the blanket from Clark as if he, too, were offended and cut in two just as his honor wanted, giving him his choice of the pieces, upon which he became much interested in arranging them, and went some little distance off. This one seemed to be the chief and was the most overbearing.

Mr. Ivins now saw that this was their opportunity, so told Clark to start on and not look back. As he started my husband shook hands with each one, said good-bye and walked after his companion. He went rapidly, not looking back for fear of orders to return, but expecting a bullet every minute; nevertheless kept straight on until he was beyond gunshot, when, glancing back, he saw the Indians huddled together talking and wildly gesticulating, all excepting the cross one who was still engaged with his costume. Just then the two men went over a small rise of ground; they immediately started into a run and kept that pace for many miles. My husband was convinced that the Indians fully intended to shoot them, but were deterred from doing so by his kindly treatment of them. Of course, if they had looked back and disobeyed orders it would have given an excuse for firing upon them.

## CHAPTER XII.



ALL day the two men steadily pursued their way, having given up the idea of going further to look for the cattle, which were too far away by this time. All day they walked over plains and sand hills covered with sage brush and cactus, until their feet almost gave out and their boots became unbearable. Mr. Ivins discarding his walked in his stocking feet till they were worn out, and then in his bare feet, which were filled with the needles of the cactus. Still they toiled on, passing hundreds of buffalo who would just look at them, and not quit grazing or even rise if lying down.

Mr. Ivins had taken his course towards Platte river, guided only by the wind. It was a cloudy afternoon and he had no other means of judging the points of the compass. A dozen times Clark stopped, refusing to proceed further in that direction, declaring that they were going away from the road, but as my husband kept on he would follow, not daring to be left alone or wishing to desert his companion.

About nine o'clock that night they found the road, striking it about fifteen miles ahead of where

they left us. Mr. Ivins directed us before leaving that we should travel about five miles each day during his absence, not anticipating the difficulties that would beset us. The first day we had gone the allotted distance and camped again on the bank of the river. Supper was over, and as all seemed quiet we felt quite secure; but for fear of another stampede we had stationed the wagons at right angles with the river, that forming one side, with chains fastened securely from the wheels of the three, thus making a sort of fence, the open side to be guarded by the men; then I had twelve yoke of oxen yoked up and chained to the wheels. Into the hollow square I had the cattle and horses driven. The guards took their places and the family went to their quarters. I could not sleep, so did not go to bed and was reading. About midnight, just as the night before, there was a sudden rush, right over the guards and away went the cattle again like the wind. Those chained to the wheels ripped and tore in their mad frenzy, and I thought they would take the wheels off in their terror, but they were securely chained and after a while calmed down. It was not a pleasant experience to be in the wagons while they tugged with such force as to almost pull them to pieces. When they became quiet I looked out. Nothing was to be seen or heard but the breathing of the poor frightened creatures; all the others were gone and the men following on horses and on foot. Towards morning they

came driving them all back, none having gotten away that night.

We had an early breakfast and started, thinking it better to have them on the road than to stay in one place. As yet there was no news of my husband and I was very uneasy about him. The poor animals were nearly worn out, so we took a long rest at noon, then made a short drive and camped some distance from the river, quite near the road. That night, with the exception of the regular storm which was not severe, was more restful to the most of the train, but my anxiety increased when no word came from my husband who was out in that desolate country in such great danger.

The next day we made the appointed five miles, camping as before, but away from the river, near the road. The cattle were becoming more quiet, and we hoped that the worst was over, but before we could have supper the usual storm broke in all its fury. The tent was blown down, the thunder and lightning were so terrific that the men could not guard the stock, the rain and hail came down in sheets and darkness settled down on us like a pall. My poor husband was away with no protection, where I did not know, and my distress cannot be described. If there were only something that I could do it might be some relief, so I tried to keep a beacon light for him, with a lantern raised on a wagon tongue, which the wind blew down as often as we propped it up.



After a while the camp became silent and the gloom deepened. Alone with my baby boy in the wagon I fully realized the situation, and was certain that I should never see my husband again. As the hours wore on I became almost frantic. My aunt hearing my sobs tried to comfort me with loving words, but both she and my uncle were old people and could not come to me in the fearful storm.

My senses were unusually acute and about two o'clock I thought that I heard a faint hello. I listened; it was repeated, and now surely it was a call. I sprang to the front of my wagon, dashed up the curtain and shouted with all the strength of my not weak lungs, again and again; and truly it was a call nearer, and I knew the voice of my poor husband. It was some little time before they reached the camp, and when he came into the wagon our meeting was very silent. We could not talk then, and it was a long time before he told me of all his dreadful trip and truly wonderful escape.

I got out dry clothes for him, bathed his head, and oiled his face which was blistered, bathed his poor feet, and tried in every way to make him comfortable. He was utterly worn out, and it took many days to pick the cactus needles out of his feet. In the morning he told me of his narrow escape, and I said then for the first and only time, "Let us go back;" but he replied, "No, we will go on tomorrow." So we again took up our journey with

what was left of our fine herd, thankful to be together once more.

We were then nearing Clinney Rock, which is an immense shaft of granite resembling a smoke stack, on the south side of Platte river, in sight of which we traveled five days. The river here makes a great bend, the road still leading up its banks. The cattle were growing footsore and weary and every day we feared that some of them would give out. The air was filled with odors that were not of "Araby the Blest," the road being lined with carcasses of dead animals, and I had to carry my camphor bottle in my hand most of the time. I had a serious cause of anxiety at this time, although not personally concerned. Some stock dealers in California had sent east for ten thousand sheep, which were being driven overland in charge of hired drovers. They had started with them on the south side of the Platte, but finding very poor grass determined to try the other side. At the head of Grand Island, Nebraska, they attempted to swim the sheep across. The flock becoming frightened, rushed onto the island which was under water, and no efforts could get them off for twenty-four hours. Standing in the water so long made their feet tender, and as soon as they stepped into the alkalie dust they became sore and many of the poor creatures laid down in the road, refusing to go any further, and had to be left. They were immediately ahead

of us, and every morning we would pass the remains of those that the wolves had devoured the night before. All day we would drive past the little creatures knowing what to expect for them. It distressed me beyond measure. A week's rest would have saved them, but the men would not wait, so rushed them on, leaving from twenty to fifty a day for two or three weeks. I begged so hard to save one little lamb that my husband was willing, so I took it into the wagon, washed its feet, oiled and wrapped them up, thinking that I was going to have a fine pet, but it was too large to keep in such close quarters. It would not even try to walk, so I was obliged to leave it, and another monster of a grey wolf had a feast that night.

## CHAPTER XIII.



It was now the latter part of June. We had reached a point of the river opposite Fort Laramie, where we turned off the Platte, which we had followed up to this time, into what the guide book called the Black Hills.

Ascending a steep hill, we drove onto a small, level plateau and camped. I walked to one side and looking down a precipice saw a deep gorge with the river tumbling and dashing through, with none of the calm, gentle flow we had witnessed for weeks. This was our last sight of the Platte river. Here the first antelope and mountain goats were in sight, but kept at a safe distance.

When the morning came the wind was blowing a gale, making traveling impossible. All day we were shut up in the wagon with the curtains fastened closely down, with everything outside anchored to the rocks, and the men in a ravine some distance away guarding cattle. It was a day to be remembered, and we were glad when the sun went down.

The following morning was like spring and we got off in good season, now coming into the mountains in earnest. We halted at noon on the bank of a beautiful little stream called Goose creek. It

was filled with speckled trout. Mr. Ivins took out tackle and went fishing. I went, too, but talked so much that he became disgusted and sent me off. Not having any more fishing tackle I fixed up a thread and pin hook, and to my great surprise caught a lot of little beauties before he had a bite. We staid some hours, until we had caught a fine fry for supper, and reluctantly left the spot. Among our drove was an immense red ox, too large to yoke and we had no mate for him. I never saw so large an one; he always led the drove and was gentle as a dog. Mr. Ivins procured a bell for him, to suit his size, and he carried himself with great dignity. He always slept near the wagons and was a great pet. When we crossed small streams the men would jump on his back and ride over. There was something really noble about him. One evening Mr. Ivins said to me, "If we get Rouser," as we called him, "through, I will get a thousand dollars for him." I laughed at his high figures, and we strolled to where the old fellow was lying down, resting as we supposed. Mr. Ivins examined his feet and said, "I am afraid they are growing tender." He looked hollow eyed and we were anxious about him, for fear he might be alaklied. The next day he seemed listless but kept up with the drove. We camped early. By this time he did not want to eat but seemed very thirsty, and would stay near the wagons as if he did not like to be alone. As night came on he grew worse rapidly,

and by bed time we knew that our poor dumb friend was doomed. He moaned like a human being in pain and would get up and try to follow us. We gave him medicine, but it did no good, and he would look at us with his great brown eyes in the most appealing manner. His groans became more distressing, and before daylight poor Rouser had crossed his last river. We could not bury him, so left him with his big bell strapped around his neck.

Our drove of cattle was growing less, forty were lost at Grand Island, some others had died, one a fine cow giving milk, and now we took our coffee black.

Leaving Goose Creek Mountains we traveled over a plain covered with curious formations of rock, called Pulpit Rocks, from their resemblance to church furniture. They were from ten to twenty feet high, apparently thrown there by some convulsion of nature, with the level plain surrounding them. The road wound in and out among them and they were very interesting.

July first we came to the Sweetwater Mountains, and crossing the first range made our camp on the river of the same name, a beautiful stream, cold and clear as crystal. We were quite near Independence Rock. This is an immense rock rising out of a level plain seventy or an hundred feet high, on the sides of which hundreds of emigrants had cut their names. The top, which is almost flat, has

an area of three or four acres and is covered with vegetation. It is a most singular hill, being almost perpendicular on all sides. A number of men were hard at work hoisting a deserted wagon to the top, intending to roll it off to celebrate Independence day, so near at hand.

The next day we went a few miles up the stream to Devil's Gorge, a wild and romantic place. The huge rocks seem to have separated to make room for the river which dashes through the deep gorge, rushing and foaming like a torrent for half a mile, then spreads out into a calm, gentle river again with grassy banks and pebbly bottom. We remained here over the Fourth, and celebrated by opening a demijohn of wine, and demolishing that, and a large fruit cake which was baked for the occasion in our far away Iowa home.

Our road led now through the mountains and up into the Rockies, leaving Sweetwater on the morning of July fifth. We were reaching a high altitude going steadily up, although the road was not very steep, arriving at South Pass the same day. I rode here on horseback for the last time, past banks of snow grown yellow with age, which gave no signs of melting, although the sun was shining brightly.

At this place we again overtook the Cram party and traveled together for several days, when they left us to hurry forward.

My uncle also decided that he should be getting on faster, and joined two young men who were endeavoring to make good time, thinking to try and reach our destination and be ready for us when we should get there, which wished for event seemed a long way in the future. It was with a sorrowful heart that I saw the preparations for their departure, but I knew it was best, and as I had begun to learn endurance I kept a brave face till they were out of sight; then I gave up and felt as if I were deserted by my best friends, and tears "made furrows in my grief-worn cheeks."

At this time my husband had rather a thrilling experience. Two of his cattle had been found by a train back of us, and they had sent word for him to come after them. He had no difficulty in identifying them as they were all branded with his initials. He left us one bright morning to go back for them. After spending the night with the hospitable friends of his steers, he started on with them early in the morning. He drove quite rapidly in order to overtake us in the evening. He hurried them so that they were pretty tired, so stopping beside the road at noon to let them graze; he staked out his horse, and making a pallet of his blankets was preparing to take a good nap. Just as he was comfortably settled two men rode up and said: "Stranger, we will just take these steers." Mr. Ivins sprang up and cocking his revolver, said: "Will you? Let me see you try." They attempted



to parley but the six shooter was a powerful convincer, and they rode off with it still pointed in their direction, ready for service if needed. By this time the noon hour was over and Mr. Ivins drove the steers home in triumph, in time to make the evening meal. We now hoped that we might reach California by September first. We had crossed the divide, the crest as it were, for from South Pass the streams flow west, southwest, while on this side of that point they flow in an opposite direction.

Driving over a range of mountains and descending in a steep hill we struck Green River, this being so deep and rapid we ferried over. There was a small settlement here, just the ferryman and his associates.

We now turned southwest towards Salt Lake Valley, where we intended to rest and recuperate ourselves and the stock in some of the grassy valleys near the city. Soon we came into mountains so steep and rocky that it was all the cattle could do to get over them. About noon we came to the foot of one with a rocky surface, perfectly bald, and so steep that in order to climb the road the cattle had to be driven zigzag. My husband and I looked at it in dismay, for how were the dear little boy and I ever to reach the top of that terrible hill. After long deliberation Mr. Ivins devised a plan. After hitching ten yoke of oxen to my wagon, he took a rope ninety feet long, as large as my wrist,

with iron hooks at either end. This he fastened securely into the yoke of the lead oxen, then into each successive yoke till it reached the wagon, in which I took my seat back on the bed with my little boy in my arms. The rope was then brought into the wagon and wrapped around us several times and well fastened. Then with a man holding one side of the vehicle and my husband the other the drivers urged the poor oxen up the dreadful road, where the least misstep would have precipitated us to the bottom. In places the wagon just hung by the tongue, and I hung onto the rope for dear life, indeed. In this manner we at last reached the summit. The other wagon was brought up in the same way but without any passengers. Then the cattle were driven up, which took most of the day.

CHAPTER XIV.



LOWLY toiling on we arrived at Echo Canyon. Here the scenery is almost beyond description. The cliffs on either side of the gorge are several hundred feet high. Looking up from the bank of Echo Creek the trees look like small shrubs. The sun only shines in its dim recesses a short time during each day, and in most places the walls are quite perpendicular. Echo Creek, a small mountain stream, runs quite through the ravine, emptying into Bear River at the foot. The road crosses it dozens of times, so that the banks were worn away by the numerous wagons and cattle going over it, and made a steep pitch driving both in and out of it, the water being kept muddy from the same cause.

We had traveled all day through the magnificent scenery and were nearing the end of the canyon. The stream grew larger and the banks more steep. I had ridden all day and held on perseveringly at every crossing and now began to be afraid that I should be thrown out. My husband thought that there could be some other way arranged for me to cross, so I got out and stood on the bank watching the team take my wagon through an ex-

tremely bad crossing. As it went down into the water there was a sudden rumbling, and the next moment the large box containing all my trinkets, keep-sakes and the better clothing which was ready for wearing when we reached our journey's end, plunged into the creek just in front of the wheel which crushed into the side of the box, breaking it in, and the contents were scattered into the mud and slush. All my pretty clothes were spoiled. I screamed and tried to stop them, but just had to stand by and witness the destruction of my valuable box. After we got across, the things were gathered up and dumped into it and all loaded into the lumber wagon. We went on a mile or two further and crossed Bear River, went up a small hill and stopped to examine the wreck and dry the clothes. Everything was ruined beyond help. We spread them out to dry, which did not take long, as the sun was very hot. Mr. Ivins mended the box and piled them in to wait for months to be washed. We staid there all night and in the morning went up a long hill, where we saw some machines for making beet sugar which the Mormons had taken that far and then abandoned.

We were now in the midst of high mountains, and in a few days passed through Emigrant Canyon, coming to the top of the mountain from which Brigham Young first saw Salt Lake Valley. The view is truly magnificent; the whole valley lies

stretched out before you, with its varied hues of vegetation, with lakes and mountains in the distance. I do not wonder that those poor wanderers thought it the Promised Land after their long, weary journeyings. The air is so pure and clear one cannot believe that objects which seem quite near may be miles away. We remained here some hours to take in fully the grandeur of the scene, then drove down through the mountains and into one of the grassy valleys about eight miles from Salt Lake City, where we camped for a week, both men and animals enjoying the needed rest to prepare us for the still long journey. As the grass was fine the stock were figuratively in clover.

Mr. Ivins spent the days in the city visiting places of interest and enjoying the change, while I staid at the camp and had a quiet time, which was most grateful to me after the strain and anxiety of the past four months. My little boy here learned to walk for the second time after his severe illness, stepping high in the tall grass.

We also had an opportunity to get the wagons in order, to clean house as it were, leaving many articles to lighten the loads.

About the tenth of July, we again proceeded on our way, driving into the city and spending the day, my husband taking me to many places of interest. About sundown we drove out to the hot springs and made our camp. Here there are two

springs coming out of the base of a ledge of rocks at the right of the road. One is cold and beautifully clear, while the other is almost boiling hot, and only a short distance apart. The little streams from them ran across the road and emptied into a natural basin, forming a pool large enough for bathing and swimming. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The men decided to go swimming and had great fun. The water was warm and cold in waves and I could hear their shouts and laughter whenever they struck a change of temperature.

While at Salt Lake, Mr. Ivins thought best to take another man, and on looking around for that purpose found a young man by the name of Louis Smith who had taken passage with a train from Council Bluffs. Becoming dissatisfied he left, forfeiting his fare for the remainder of the way, it being paid to California.

He determined to work the rest of his journey, and had taken under his protection a man from the same company much older than himself and was not willing to leave him. Louis wanted very much to come with us, and asked Mr. Ivins to take his friend. Mr. Ivins replied that he had neither work or provision for another man. Louis asked what food he lacked, and was told an hundred pounds of flour would be needed. "Well," said he, "I have just ten dollars left; if you will take him I will give you that to buy some." Mr. Ivins did

not wish to take it but Louis insisted that he should, so they all came to the camp. I liked the young Kentuckian from the first and we were soon fast friends. He was well educated, pleasant and full of fun, making light of hardships, and in the midst of the intense realities with which we were surrounded a happy heart was a most desirable possession.

Our road now wound up the valley past thrifty looking farms and ranches till we came to Bear River again. The course of this river being south and west, it makes a great bend so that the emigrant road crosses it both going into and coming out of Salt Lake Valley. Great Salt Lake lies quite off to the left some ten or twelve miles, and was in sight most of the time, as the road was at the foot of the mountains on high ground. At one of the farm houses we traded my side saddle for a sack of flour, which made us easy again in regard to provisions.

After three days' travel we crossed Bear River the second time camping on its banks, where we spent part of the next day. The dust was terrible, a foot or more deep, and at every step flew up in clouds filling the air. I was obliged to wear a veil and silk cap and stand it as best I might.

Soon after striking Bear River we overtook an immense drove of cattle, about one thousand, which were being taken to California in charge of drovers,

no owner being along. We had traveled all the forenoon in their dust and it was perfectly unbearable. We all stopped for luncheon near the same place. After our party were through eating, Mr. Ivins ordered our men to hurry and get into the road before them in order to go faster and so escape their dust. The drovers saw our maneuver, and with oaths and shouts rushed their drove into the road just as my wagon reached the same point. The excitement made the cattle wild, and the whole thousand rushed off pell mell, with my wagon in the midst. John Gilpin's ride was tame compared with that. A stampede of cattle must be seen to be appreciated. They become perfectly reckless, trampling down whatever comes in their path. And so away we all went together. I had lain down with my little Charley to take a nap, but sprang up and threw up the curtain to see what was the commotion. The noise was like thunder and they fairly shook the earth. The dust was so thick that all I could discover was a sea of backs with my fine yoke of oxen in the middle, and amidst it all was the lowing of the cattle and the shouts and oaths of the miserable ruffians chasing the panic-stricken animals, who were crazed with fright.

At the start my driver had jumped to the head of the near ox in the wheel yoke of my team, to which he hung by the horns, constantly calling whoa. The faithful creatures were thrown back



on their haunches and were being dragged by the four front yoke. We rushed on in that way for more than a mile, my team keeping straight in the middle of the road. In one place we went through a deep ditch where the least deviation would have overturned the wagon, but my trusty team never swerved. After what seemed hours the combined efforts of the driver and those two noble oxen brought us to a slower pace, and the drove got beyond us, still running. We finally came to a standstill, and in a few minutes my husband overtook us pale with afright, to find Charlie and me clasped in each others arms, most thankful to have escaped with only a severe shaking up. So we drew up and camped till the next morning to be sure that those villains would be far beyond us.

## CHAPTER XV.



NEARING Fort Bridger, the guide book said, beware of Indians. We had seen a great many all along but had not been molested since leaving the Platte and had not kept guards, as we thought that they frightened the stock.

Here, however, we again set pickets for the night. Towards morning we heard several shots not far off and knew that the redskins were haunting us, but they did not come to the camp.

Leaving Fort Bridger off to our left we kept on over hills and valleys, plains and mountains, passing some fine scenery, but for the most part barren wastes covered with sage, cactus and alkalie dust. One day we came to a large creek with willows, a few cottonwood trees and some coarse grass; crossing this we found the ground covered with what resembled blocks of wood sawed perfectly smooth, all were petrified and some were broken. I wished greatly to keep a specimen, as I wished to do from different localities, but my husband objected, saying we would do well if we got ourselves through without taking a load of stone. So with many regrets I would pass them by. After a few

days we arrived at a rather pleasant place with good feed, called Grass Valley. Here we decided to rest for a few days, and overtaking our friends, the Cram party, had a most enjoyable visit. We traveled together for several days, Mrs. Cram gladly riding with me. Their horses were getting so weak and poor that the ladies of the party walked most of the time.

About August first we reached the head of Humboldt River. Our only milch cow had grown foot sore and weary, refusing to go any further. We tried every means in our power to help her along, coaxing, driving and bathing her feet, but she was discouraged and we had to leave her lying by the road, with the certainty that the wolves would kill and devour her before another day.

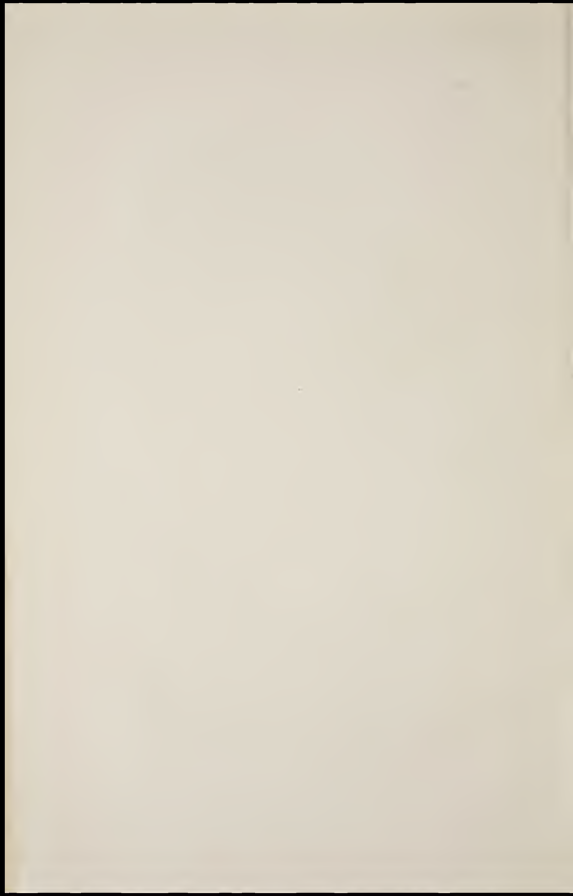
Our pleasant visit came to an end all too soon, and one morning our friends left us, driving off on a trot, while my trusty team of ten horns kept up their steady, swinging gait. The poor dear cattle seemed to know how we had come to love and depend upon them. They were not so many now, and I had learned to know each one, and no woman ever cared more for her span of well-kept horses than did I for my trusty oxen, Buck and Berry, the faithful creatures who walked at the wheel of my wagon every step of the long road from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, and saved the lives of my children and myself on more than one

occasion. Honor to their memory! On reaching California I would not consent to their being sold to butchers, and my husband sold them to a farmer who promised to keep them till they died of old age, and I think he did.

Our road now followed the Humbolt River for three hundred miles, scarcely leaving its banks. We crossed it many times in search of good grass. At first it was like a small creek, which could be forded, but gradually increased in size till it became a deep river. At our last crossing my husband was obliged to prop the wagon bed up on blocks to within an inch of the top of the standards that held it in place, and draw it across with ropes. The men and stock swam over, but Charlie and I were in the floating wagon where the least mishap would have let it drift off down the stream. When we reached the shore my ultimatum was announced, that from this on there would be no more crossings of Humbolt for me, that I was fully satisfied without another experience of that kind. So we trudged along till we reached the sink of the Humbolt, September fourth.



EMIGRANT WAGON, 1853.



CHAPTER XVI.



ARRIVING at the sink of the Humbolt, we stopped before driving to a camping place to be sure that it would be a desirable location. There were numerous camps in sight. Suddenly my husband exclaimed, "By George! There are Cram's wagons." "Oh nonsense," I replied, "they are through long before this." So to convince me he helped me step up onto the wagon tongue—the only lookout in that dead level—to see for myself. Sure enough, there were the long, low black tops of the three wagons, and the surroundings of what had been the most stunning outfit that had crossed the plains that year out of many thousand.

It was just noon when we drove up and halted beside them. Of course there were the usual greetings, questions to ask, and rejoicings to meet again. They had cured their hay, as was the custom, to feed on the desert, and were busy packing, expecting to start in an hour or two.

Their plan was, to drive five miles on to where the road leaves the sink or lake of the Humbolt, and rest there a while, then go on and cross the desert of forty miles that night. Mr. Ivins said:

"Well, I am going to cross tonight, too." I really thought he must be joking, but found him to be in sober earnest. This dreaded desert is a perfectly barren, alkalie plain stretching from the Humbolt to the Truckee River, a distance of forty miles, with no water except some hot soda springs near the middle of the drive. It is best to make the trip at night as the heat is intense.

When the Cram train left my husband said to me: "If you will have Carl cook and prepare things here I will go and make the hay." The sink of the Humbolt is partly lake and partly meadow covered with coarse grass, long and luxuriant. The cattle had been driven into it and were having a fine meal. It was then about one o'clock. It was necessary to cross the lagoon in order to find the best grass for hay.

The lumber wagon was unloaded and the box taken off; it was then launched like a boat, when with implements brought for the purpose the hay-makers embarked, were poled across, and were soon doing the farming. They cut and dried grass till almost sun down, then loading it into the box boat brought it over where it had to be unloaded, the box placed on the wheels and then loaded up again. There were also two large tanks to be filled with water, which had first to be put in place. Meanwhile, Carl and I had worked like bees, baking bread, dried currant pies, pork and beans and cook-



ing dried apples and rice, had sorted over things discarding every superfluity, and when the hay-makers returned supper was ready and my wagon packed and arranged for the night. The cattle had fed well and were rested, and by dark we were ready for the move. Little Charlie was put to bed and I followed. The horses were so worn down that they were not fit to ride so the men walked and drove, and the long dreaded journey across the desert was begun.

About ten o'clock we reached the point where the road turns away from the sink and stopped to rest, when my husband came into the wagon to lie down awhile. Suddenly we heard a familiar voice exclaim, "Well, how did you get here?" My husband sprang up and out to find Mr. Cram on the white mule, who told us that his train was only a short distance off ready to start again. The two men went away together to see the women of the party and Mr. Ivins did not come into the wagon again. It was very dark but the white road could be plainly discerned. After a short rest our train pulled out and I went to sleep, but was dimly conscious that our speed was much greater than usual.

The poor cattle seemed to realize the danger of delay in that alkali plain, which would prove a veritable Death Valley to them if found tardy. At midnight the cattle were fed and watered and then

hurried forward till four o'clock in the morning, when we came to deep sand which extended to the Truckee river some ten miles. The order was now given to unyoke the oxen, and men and beasts laid down on the ground to rest for an hour. We had hardly gotten settled when Mr. Cram, who seemed ubiquitous came jingling up, and with the most extravagant exclamations of astonishment inquired by what road we came, saying his train was miles behind. On explaining we found that having no means to carry water they had turned off the road at Hot Springs to cool some for their horses, and we had passed while they were there.

After a short rest we resumed our weary way. At seven o'clock I got up and raising my curtains to take a view of the surroundings, what was my surprise to see Mrs. Cram and Mr. Ivins walking in front of our train in the sand which was shoe top deep. I called to them, and Mrs. Cram came in to ride and take breakfast with me.

The animals seemed to smell the water to which we were coming, running so fast that men had to be sent forward to keep them back. About ten o'clock we arrived at Truckee River, a clear, cool mountain stream with good grass near. The cattle did not seem thirsty but rushed into the water and stood laving their sides and cooling their feet; while we tired mortals sat around on the grass resting and congratulating ourselves that one of the

most dreaded stages of our journey was safely passed.

We decided to remain at Truckee that night, making our camp as soon as the other friends arrived. After spending a pleasant evening together we decided that we would not part company again, and kept our good resolution for the space of three days. After remaining at Truckee all night we again plodded on.

We turned directly away from the river into the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, that forenoon coming to the first forest. The trees were very large and beautiful, and it seemed grand after the long dusty roads over which we had traveled so long, and the shade and odor of the pines was most refreshing. Louis Smith was wild with enthusiasm insisting that I should take a walk with him in the woods.

After the evening work was done he began carrying the large pine cones with which the ground was covered, making ready for a jubilee. He kept at work till it was quite dark, building pile after pile for bonfires. Then began his celebration by setting fire to them one at a time, and when the blaze was highest and the roar loudest, he would whistle, sing darkey songs, dance, pat juba and shout, making the woods resound. If any of the men went to bed he would pull them out, won-

dering if they had no glory in their souls. This he kept up till midnight, when we begged him to quiet down, but I was sorry to stop his fun.

CHAPTER XVII.



NEXT day our road was over some low mountains covered with loose shingly rocks which moved at every step. Mr. Cram and I took a long walk and had a very serious conversation, in which he urged me as a brother to influence my husband to remain with them for the remainder of the journey, saying that it would be best on many accounts, particularly on my own. After passing the shingly mountains, we came down into a beautiful valley called Truckee meadow, with fine grass and plenty of water, September eighth. The place seemed made expressly to feed and strengthen up the half-starved stock, thus enabling them to haul the loads over the Sierras.

As soon as he discovered the grass to be so fine Mr. Cram declared his intention of remaining there two weeks. Of course our doing so was out of the question, and my husband replied, "Time is too precious with us; we must leave tomorrow," and they walked out to where the stock were luxuriating in the fragrant grass. Our sturdy cattle were all right, but their horses were perfectly worn out and miserably poor. If they laid, or which was

more often the case, fell down, they could not get up without help. The men would take blankets and slip under them and set them on their feet, then they could walk or stagger along; all but the white mule which was as jolly as ever.

In the morning I went to make a farewell visit to Mrs. Cram and found her sitting on a box crying bitterly; upon inquiry I found that the precious box contained all their pretty keepsakes and elegant wardrobe, and that it must be left, as the horses could not haul anything further, and that she would have nothing in which to make a respectable appearance upon reaching civilization. While we were condoling with each other upon our trials, our husbands came up and wanted to know the cause of the present trouble. Upon being informed Mr. Ivins said: "Oh, don't cry, I will take your box to Marysville and leave it at the Adams express office subject to your order. How will that suit you?" She at once accepted the offer and was all smiles.

"Well," said Mr. Cram, "if you are so willing to do a good turn perhaps you will take a box for me." Mr. Ivins assured him that he would gladly do so, and both boxes were loaded into our lumber wagon without delay. The second box contained a complete set of carpenter's tools, which if we had known would have saved us much trouble a few days later, and ignorance was not bliss in this instance.

Carl had taken a lot of provisions out of the wagon to sun, and as there was a trading post near by the proprietor was looking around to see what the emigrants would sell or leave. He immediately wanted some of our supplies. We were sure by this time that we would have provisions to spare, so Mr. Ivins sold him an hundred pounds of flour for a dollar a pound, and a large ham for thirty dollars, both of which he carried off in triumph. It seemed a big price but it was worth all that to bring them that far. We still had a month's provision, and expected to reach Marysville in two weeks at most.

After a most delightful visit with our life-long friends, on the morning of September ninth we bade them good-bye with many tears on my part, for I needed friends then if ever, and we were starting on a perilous road over the mountains. The ascent of the Sierras began now in earnest. The road was very rough, in many place covered with round boulders which made it almost impassible. I was obliged to lie down most of the day. In the afternoon, as he usually did, Mr. Ivins went forward to look for a camping place. We often had to leave the road to find good grass. There were places about twenty-five miles apart where it could be found, that being a day's journey for oxen. After he went away, the road becoming somewhat smoother, I went to sleep, not waking till quite late.

I found Carl driving my team. On asking where my regular driver was Carl told me that soon after Mr. Ivins left Henry had taken a sack of crackers out of the wagon and gone away, saying that he was tired of being so slow, and that a few days would take him to settlements. There was nothing to be done, as we could not overtake him, but we feared the worst. It was growing late and there were still no signs of my husband and I was greatly worried. It was almost sundown, when we heard away off to the right a faint hello, and saw Mr. Ivins coming towards us. We waited till he came up when he lectured us roundly for being so heedless in not watching for him. He had found a fine camp a mile or so off the road, and had been trying to attract our attention for some time in order to go there, but we were past the turn off. I wanted to go back but he was cross and said, "No, we will go on till we find another place," and on we went.

I retired to my abiding place too distressed to say anything more. It was dusk when we drove up to what seemed to be a small lake, and the order was given to unyoke. The cattle were driven to the lake to drink but turned away without tasting the water. What was our consternation to find it to be an alkalie lake, which looked like ashes and water mixed, not fit to be used at all, and all together the outlook was most distressing. Carl made the fire and cooked the supper by the light



of a dim lantern, making the coffee out of a little water which was left over in the cans, keeping about a quart to drink. I fixed my house and Carl brought me my supper but I could not eat and spent the time in tears. Little Charlie was put to bed and Mr. Ivins retired also. After all was quiet I lighted my lamp and sat down to sew. I had been quietly at work making a small wardrobe out of some of the clothes which were in the broken box before mentioned, for I realized that I might need it before we arrived in California, or very soon after. There was only one more garment to finish and I thought that I had better get it done. I sewed till about ten o'clock. Outside the poor, thirsty cattle lowed, the coyotes barked and snarled, the owls hooted and the night hawks screamed. It seemed as if we were deserted by God and man. I thought that I would go to bed and sleep if possible, but found that I could not help myself; that now, indeed, trouble was in store for us. I woke my husband and told him the situation. He would not believe me at first, but was soon convinced, and God only knows the fear and agony of that dreadful night. I tried to be brave for the sake of my husband and child, and at three o'clock there came to us a dear little daughter, with no one near to help, comfort or relieve.

After doing what he could for me, my husband wrapped the little one in a blanket and laid her in my arm. It had turned very cold and a dreadful chill

came on. My husband put warm covers over me and tried to warm me by holding me in his arms. A bed had been made for Charlie on the spring seat. He was put there and we watched for daylight with aching hearts. At the first faint glimmer of dawn Mr. Ivins dispatched a man on horseback with a can for water to Pea Vine springs. It was five miles and breakfast was late that morning. My husband inquired of the first train that came past for some elderly woman to come in and see me and the somewhat unexpected guest. About ten o'clock a good Samaritan came in, looked at the baby, said a few kind words to me and left me to my fate.

CHAPTER XVIII.



**S**TAYING at this place was of course impossible. So after noon they hitched up and drove about five miles to a reasonably good camping place and laid by for three days. It is useless to say how I got along. I simply endured without complaint. I was so sure that both the baby and I would die that all fear was gone. I was not even nervous, and waited for the end, only anxious about my husband and little boy. Charlie just worshiped the little sister and was so good and sweet, sitting by me so patient and gentle. I might have known that I was the mother of an angel even then. My out-door life kept me from taking cold, and I made the best of the somewhat difficult situation and was quite cheerful when my husband was with me. Carl, my little Dutchman, was a friend in the fullest sense of the word, and all the men were gentle and quiet, knowing that the little woman who had shared their hardships was in dire necessity and danger.

It was impossible for us to stop longer as the snow would soon begin to fall in the mountains, so I told my husband that I was able to travel and we resumed our journey.

The roads were very rough, up and down hills, or rather mountains, with here and there a level stretch, making our progress very slow. On the morning of September fourteenth we came to a most dangerous part of the road, called the Devil's Elbow. It was a huge ledge of rocks with one corner jutting out into the road which had led along the brow of a mountain for miles. There was just room for a wagon to go around and none to spare. The turn was very short, and on the other side of the road was a precipice of thousands of feet down. Just before we came to this Mr. Ivins threw up the curtain of the wagon to let me see the grandeur of the scene. We were near the summit of the Sierras above the clouds. There were just the notched and jagged edges of the mountains in view, with the tops of the trees when the clouds lifted for a few moments. I did not know of the narrow pass till we were quite up to it. Then my husband told me I must not be afraid, that he would take good care of his little family. He put two men with the oxen to guide and drive them, leaving the drove. All the others with my husband went on the lower side of the wagon, pushing it towards the rock, and with great caution we passed it in safety. The other wagon was less troublesome, being narrower and not having so precious a load.

The cattle were driven around crowded up towards the rock. My poor, tired husband breathed

easier when the last creature, man or beast, was past the dangerous place, where a single slip or misstep would have precipitated the unfortunate object hundreds of feet down the cliff. We hurried on, that night camping on the summit.

The morning of September fifteenth, three cheers were given with a will, in honor of our safe deliverance from dangers passed, and the prospect of a speedy drive down the western slope. However, we were too sanguine as the result proved. When all was ready to start Carl was directed to drive my wagon to the front, as usual. We had gone only about an hundred yards when striking a stump the hind axletree was broken short off. Mr. Ivins looked at the damage, ordering the other wagon and stock driven down to a level place about a mile further on, which he had seen when reconnoitering the road. The driver whipped up and in turning out to pass us struck a stone and snap went the coupling pole of that wagon, so there we were stuck fast.

Our tools had all been lost or left, and Mr. Ivins had only an axe, hatchet and jack-knife with which to repair, and no iron or lumber of any kind. It had rained and sleeted all the morning, freezing onto the top of the wagon which now began to melt and run through, and for the first time on the journey my bed was getting wet with no way to help it, and we were almost frozen.

I covered up the babies as well as I could and tried to keep them warm, thinking little of myself. My husband coming in to find how I was getting on, seeing the state of things, broke down for the first time, exclaiming, "Oh! I shall lose you yet on this dreadful journey."

Dear little Charlie tried to comfort us in his baby fashion, but the tears would come and we wept together.

My husband was chilled through, and altogether discouraged, hardly knowing what to do and seemed to depend on me for advice. He had eaten no breakfast as Carl could not cook in the storm, and I saw that he could not plan or work until he could be made more comfortable, and needed warm clothing first of all. So putting them on we all crept under the covers till we got warm. It was also important that he should have a nourishing meal; as there was a trading post near I asked him to go and see what he could find. He did so, buying a dried apple pie and a glass of milk, for which he paid a dollar, but it did him many times that amount of good.

While he was eating his luncheon he related his mishaps to the trader, who told him that a short distance further on was a wagon that had been broken down by the snow, which fell to the depth of twenty-five feet there in winter, and perhaps he might find something with which to repair

the damage. He went at once and found the axles still whole, but they were for a narrow tread, while ours was a wide tread wagon. He brought them back however, glad to find anything in this case of necessity. Coming back to the camp he dispatched two men to cut a slim pine sapling, as there were no other trees there. With that and chains he soon fixed the lumber wagon. Then turning his attention to my house he propped it up, taking off the hind axle. Placing them in the fire together with those he had found would char them, then shape them down in a slanting manner until they were of the proper width; then taking a bolt heated it red hot and bored holes in them, and with a strong bolt and nut fastened them together. Putting the wheels on he found they fitted, so we were in running order once more.

It would have facilitated matters greatly if we had known that Mr. Cram's box contained a complete set of carpenter's tools. By the time the repairing was done it was almost night, so we hitched up and drove down to the level place before spoken of and camped for the night, tired but happy.

September sixteenth we started early, glad to leave that land of break-downs, that day passing a mining camp called Seventy-Six, where we heard that a man came there the day before nearly worn out and starving, and knew from the description

that it must have been our deserter, Henry. No one knew where he had gone, however, and we never heard of him again. We began to see now and then a mining camp or solitary shanty. The roads were not so bad, although we traveled slowly with the wheels locked, it being down grade, through the Beckworth Cut Off, and into a fine opening called Grass Valley, where we remained a day for the cattle to have a good feed. A ranchman visited us here, who had tried for half a day to overtake us, to induce Mr. Ivins to come to his ranch and be company for him and his wife. All he asked was that we should come and live in one of his houses; that he should have all the pasture he needed, and that an hundred dollars a month would be the salary, with nothing to do but what he wished. But our faces were straight-forward, and ease had no charms for us then. A mine owner made a more liberal offer still if we would only stop with him. Women were scarce and most attractive to the poor, homesick men alone, so far from their families, and I was treated like a superior being. I had by this time begun to get out of the wagon in the evening. The weather was lovely and we went on our way rejoicing.



CHAPTER XIV.



Y September twentieth we arrived at Mount Hope Branch, eight miles out of Marysville. As we came down the mountains we had a beautiful view of Sacramento Valley, with its varied hues of green, russet and brown, with the Sacramento river running like a silver thread towards the west.

The good grass at Mount Hope induced us to rest there for five days taking a new lease of life. My husband went into the town each day, delighted to meet men who could talk of something besides the worn out subjects of grass, water, bad roads and alkali dust.

On the twenty-fifth of September we proceeded, going into Marysville in the afternoon. What came near proving a most serious accident occurred on this short drive. Quail were very numerous along the road and Mr. Ivins could not resist the temptation to shoot some, so came to the wagon and took out his gun. After bagging a dozen or two he brought it back and put it in its place, fastened, as he supposed, by the straps to the wagon bows. The children and I were asleep, and he was careful not to disturb us. On going over a rough place

in the road the gun fell down close to my head and went off within a few inches of my face, setting fire to the cover. I was so stunned for a few minutes, that I did not know what had occurred. The screams of the children recalled me, but even then I did not know what had happened till Mr. Ivins rushed up in great affright and exclaimed: "Oh! are you shot?" and blaming himself for carelessness. By this time the cotton cover had burst into a blaze, and it took hard work to extinguish it. I began to think I bore a charmed life. It was a dreadful shock and had I been at all nervous would have gone hard with me. But so far I had been perfectly cool in every danger we had encountered, a trait I inherited from my father who was a soldier, an officer in the regular army.

At Marysville Mr. Ivins drove at once to the express office and deposited the boxes belonging to our friends, the Crams, and passing through the town made our camp under some large willow trees on the bank of Feather River, where we staid two days.

We were now on the level road leading to Sacramento. Our men still remained with us, and would do so till we reached that place. The heat was intense in the middle of the day, but the mornings and evenings were cool and pleasant. Our camp was close to the stage road leading to Sacramento. It was a beautiful sight to see those elegant

mahogany colored coaches, trimmed with gold, drawn by four spans of fine horses, with shining harness, going at a full gallop on a road level as a floor.

September 29th we broke up our pretty camp, starting down the same road, but at quite a different gait. The heat was frightful, the poor cattle suffering dreadfully, to say nothing of human beings. I began to feel quite bright and enjoyed seeing the farms, ranches and other signs of civilization. The sun beat down furiously. Among the drove I noticed a poor little red steer who was almost overcome and could not find any shade, panting for breath; with his tongue hanging out he would run a little ways and then stop. I watched him curious to know why he did so, and found that it was from one telegraph pole to another, where he would back up into the long slim line of shade it cast. After a while he discovered a little shade behind the wagon, and kept close to it for shelter.

About noon we came to a wayside inn, putting up there for the rest of the day and night. The people kept the floors and porches wet to cool the air. The next morning we resumed our march, and the twenty-eighth of September arrived at a point near Sacramento, making our camp on the American river under some beautiful, large live oak trees.

My husband and all the men went into town except Carl, who staid with me. Louis Smith expected to receive a letter from a brother living in Stockton advising him what he should do. The others went to look for work, and Mr. Ivins to decide upon a place to take his family. I was almost jubilant, for now I began to see the end of this most trying and tedious journey.

After they had all gone Carl made me a comfortable couch where Charley, baby and I had a nice change from the close quarters of our wagon home. We had named the little girl Sierra Nevada, in honor of her birth place. She was doing well and was an object of great interest to us all. I did not want to give her that name, but her father wished it so I consented. Carl and I had a long consultation as to what was best for him to do. He did not want to leave us, and I certainly did not wish to have him do so, and we settled it that he should stay until some desirable opportunity presented itself. He seemed very happy that he was so well provided for, and I was also, that I could still have my faithful Carl. Late in the afternoon Mr. Ivins came back to tell me that he had rented a ranch across the river, five miles from the city. The proprietor had a young wife who would be delighted to have a neighbor and companion. There was a nice cottage and plenty of land, and that we were to go over to it the next day, stopping in the city to buy furniture on the way. I was wild with de-

light and could scarcely believe that I should so soon be in a home of my own. Clark and the others, except Louis, soon returned to stay the night, get their possessions, say good-bye and each go their way the following morning.

Just as supper was ready Louis came dashing up, exclaiming, "I have it and you must share my luck." After the small excitement was over he announced that he had received a letter from his brother at Stockton, enclosing a draft for one hundred dollars, and that we should have it all but enough to take him to Stockton. Of course that was out of the question, but it was most generous in Louis, and we appreciated his kindness greatly. Louis was almost offended but had to give up his plan.

The men seemed loathe to say good-bye, but by nine o'clock next morning all were gone except Louis, who lingered to go into the city with us and say good-bye there. At ten o'clock we were again on the road, Louis driving my wagon to be with me a while longer, to tell me all his hopes and fears, and how much he loved us. My tears would come, for I had learned to look upon the noble boy almost as a brother. When we reached the city he left us with a sorrowful face, and I never saw him again.

Carl came and drove my wagon for a while as we passed through the street, but soon my husband came and took his place and Carl went to the other, the cattle following from force of habit.

Emigrant teams were plenty, but mine was an extra good one and we had not gone far into the city until some one said: "Hello, stranger, what will you take for that wagon?" Mr. Ivins replied: "One hundred dollars." The answer was: "Well, unload." I got out with the children, the bed and other contents were loaded into the lumber wagon, and a place fixed for us to ride the short distance we expected to go. We had not yet reached the business part of the city. Shortly after, another person exclaimed, "Hello, Ivins, when did you get in?" And a man whom my husband had known in a neighboring town to ours in Iowa made himself known, asked where we were going and invited us to his brother's house to dinner; said that his family were on their way to the coast by land; describing that part of the state as a land flowing with milk and honey, fine feed and fat cattle, the hills covered with flowers and wild oats, and even Paradise itself would be dull compared with its glories; also, that we would reach there in three days, going right along with them; that he had some cows that could go along with our drove; that he would help drive them, and that Mrs. Hunt, his wife, could assist me if need be, and, in fact, everything be lovely. I was bitterly opposed to the plan, but my husband, contrary to his usual good judgment believed all Hunt told him, and it did no good for me to object. Accordingly he wrote to the man whose ranch he had engaged, giving it up. We staid all night at

the Hunts, starting early in the morning for Paradise, ordinarily called Petaluma. We could not cook now, having no conveniences, so bought provisions for the trip already cooked. Among other eatables Mr. Ivins bought a stack of pies a foot high. They were made with rancid lard and it made me sick to even look at them, and with things thrown into the wagon as they were, our culinary department was somewhat demoralized. I was terribly cramped for room, so that Mr. Ivins was obliged to sleep on the ground, which he had never done before.

We endured the first night, and the next day I tried to pack things to be more comfortable, but it was of no use and the second one I laid down in the crowded place with my little ones and forgot my troubles for three days. How the poor children fared I never knew.

There was no stopping now. We would be obliged to pasture the stock which would cost at least thirty dollars a day, which we could not afford to pay. No one came near me. Mr. Ivins and Carl had to drive team and cattle, while the Hunts were absorbed in their own affairs. Their cows were going with our drove, and that was all they wanted of us anyway. My husband said that the baby cried most of the time, and dear, twenty-months-old Charley would alternately pet it and cry himself. Carl would sometimes take him in his

arms and carry him while driving cattle; and my husband walked all day and drove oxen with a burning fever. This state of things lasted for three days, when my uncle, Dr. Galland, overtook us. They had reached Marysville after we left there, coming by way of Carson Valley. Having received letters from me that we were going to the coast and being uneasy about me, he took horse and followed, reaching us at the third nights' camp below Sacramento.

My uncle seeing my condition tried to rouse me without avail. So taking out medicine he administered it, helped to care for the children and took his place by the camp fire to watch with me. The next morning I was still delirious. My uncle had Mr. Ivins ride his horse and staid with me, cared for the children, still giving me medicine. He tried to have us stop but the urgency of the case would not admit of it.

The roads were good, but nothing worried or aroused me. That night again my uncle watched with me while the others slept. I was burning up with fever, and he gave me all the water I wanted to drink. The poor little baby wailed and moaned, but it was too cold to take it out of the wagon. Some time towards morning he heard me moving, and coming to me found me up on my knees in the front of the wagon with my baby in my arms trying to throw it out. He reasoned with me, asking me



what I wanted to do, talked to me and soothed me, saying, "My child, it is your baby." I looked at him for a few minutes trying to understand. All at once I smiled and said: "Why, so it is," and quietly laid down with it in my arms, and both fell asleep. The morning found me free from fever but very weak. My uncle at once went on to Petaluma and hiring a spring wagon sent it back, with orders to have my bed laid in it and hurry back with me to the hotel. But the Hunt family crowded into it, giving me just a seat. Charley was put on a cushion at my feet, and I held the baby in my lap. As we rode along I would reel from side to side, and had to hold on with all my poor strength to keep from falling out. In this way, about four o'clock in the afternoon we drove up to the hotel at Petaluma, where my uncle had engaged rooms for us. My friend, Mr. I. G. Wickersham, met me and lifting me out carried me into the parlor and set me in a chair, and I again forgot my troubles.

CHAPTER XX.

**I** WAS put to bed and my uncle watched over me for two weeks, when, thanks to his skill, I began to improve. By this time my children were both sick and my husband down with mountain fever. And altogether we were in a most deplorable state.

We were paying twenty-five dollars a week at the hotel with very poor accommodations. Our cattle were turned loose in the hills with no one to look after them but Carl, and he just a half-grown boy. As soon as he could leave us my uncle hurried back to Marysville, sold his outfit and brought my aunt back to Petaluma, where they at once rented a house, and took us all home to nurse us back to health; and most gently and tenderly did they care for us and help us regain our exhausted strength. Had it not been for them, my more than father and mother, this family would have ended then and there. As it was, with all their care, the month of February found me just able to begin housekeeping in a small cottage of two rooms which my husband had built, lined with cloth and papered; poor and cheap as it was, it was a veritable palace to me, for was it not my home, after six months spent in an

ox wagon. The cosy nest was our home for eight months.

The town which contained only four hundred inhabitants when we arrived there grew quite rapidly. But change was the order of events, and we kept pace with them. Our cattle were still in the hills, but the owner could now see to them, and they were fat and fine.

We had made many friends, mostly men, but gentlemen who were enterprising, enthusiastic and who never said fail. My husband now decided to go into the stock and dairy business. He took a ranch about two miles from town, suited to the purpose, built a house and we were soon at home to our friends there. The hills closed in on every side, although the road to town was perfectly level, going through the valleys. It was beautiful to look at, but lonely in the extreme. We were nearly a mile from the nearest neighbor, and they only men. I was alone with my children most of the time for the first four months, by husband being away attending to business interests. There was an Indian village about two miles further on called The Rancharee, and so many Indians passed the house drunk and disorderly that I was in a constant state of fear. There were also California lions in the hills about, and coyotes so bold that they stole our provisions, which I tried to keep in a sort of cage hung outside; to say nothing of grizzly bears, for a mother and

two cubs were killed only half a mile from the house soon after we moved out there, and just across the road was a ledge of rocks which I was sure sheltered rattle snakes. Mr. Ivins ridiculed the idea, but going there one day to gather wild roses I heard a sound that I could not mistake, so I charged little Charley not to cross the road. Time proved that I was right, for two years afterwards a person going there heard the same sound and set fire to the bushes covering the ledge, when hundreds of the reptiles crawled out and were killed.

It was some time before we got into running order for cheese and butter making, but when we did found it a most lucrative business, a great deal of work but fine profit. A dollar a pound for butter and fifty cents for cheese will do very well when you have eighty cows giving milk, to say nothing of the growing calves and pigs, and money flowed in plentifully.

Mr. Ivins was so well pleased that he wanted to build a better house and make it a permanent home. but I could not think of spending my life and raising my children there, and was dissatisfied and homesick for companions and more refined surroundings.

We were constantly having some grand scare or hairbreadth escape. An incident worth relating occurred soon after we moved out to the ranch. Mr. Ivins had bought three hundred chickens, paying a

dollar apiece for them, and had built a chicken house of red wood slabs on the hillside back of the house, near a clear spring which gave us our water supply. In a short time they began to disappear. It was a mystery where they went as the door was locked at night, and there was just an opening less than two feet square for them to go in and out. One night I was awakened by the excited breathing of my husband who was dressing himself as fast as possible. He said there was a commotion among the fowls, and rushed off to see what it could be. While he was gone I dressed myself and called the hired man. In a short time Mr. Ivins came back and told me that there was something in the chicken house, and that he had fastened up the small door, and for us to go with him and see what was the matter. So John took the ax, Mr. Ivins his gun and I a piece of candle, and proceeded to the scene of action. The only noise was the fluttering of the chickens. Mr. Ivins opening the large door, set the candle on the ground inside, and as he did so saw the blazing eyes of some animal. Stepping back quickly and fastening the door he took aim straight at the eyes and fired. The chickens flew in all directions putting out the candle. At the same moment there was a terrific crash and something came across the house almost knocking off the slabs. We all ran in different directions. After waiting a while as there was no more noise we proceeded to investigate. We had no more ammunition, so it was

rather a dangerous undertaking. Procuring another candle Mr. Ivins opened the door by degrees, and seeing the creature still immovable went in and found it to be an immense lynx, as large as a six months old calf. His solitary load of shot had taken effect directly between the eyes. We dragged his catship down to the house setting him up on the back porch where he was an object of much curiosity. My little boy called it the big pussy.

One lovely day in the latter part of the summer Mr. Ivins went to Tomales for a load of vegetables. It being fifteen miles out he started very early, taking the ox team which served for all occasions, sometimes as a carriage. After he left the hours dragged slowly, and it seemed as if the day were a week long, that night never would come. Drunken Indians rode past making the air hideous with their whoops and howls, but no other human being came in sight. After what seemed a day almost interminable the night closed down. I put my little ones to bed and waited. Outside the cloth and paper house the coyotes barked, and there were all sorts of alarming sounds. I felt as if I should almost die of fright. I could not leave or carry my children, and the nearest neighbor was almost a mile away. It was midnight when I heard a shout on the hill back of the house, and shortly after my husband came, driving the big ox wagon straight down a steep hill a half mile high, without any signs of

a road. He had turned off the main road to find a shorter route and had driven over hills and ravines, which he could do as there were few trees. But I think it was the only time that a loaded wagon was ever driven straight up and down those Petaluma hills. All the vegetables in the state would not have tempted me to live over again that dreadful day. I knew of the grizzly bears that had been killed so near the place, and although my husband assured me that dead grizzlies would not hurt me, I was afraid there might be live ones left.

CHAPTER XXI.



WHILE we were waiting for affairs to get into running order for business, we had leisure to take many short trips to places of interest in the vicinity, one of which was particularly enjoyable. Quite a party was arranged to go on a clam bake to Tomales Bay on the ocean, fifteen miles distant, camping over night. There were about thirty in the party. We started at ten o'clock one lovely June morning, a merry party, in all sorts of conveyances, even to a lumber wagon bedded with hay—mostly men, as women were scarce.

The ride was through the foothills of the coast range of mountains which were covered with wild oats, California poppies and other wild flowers, with now and then live oak trees looking very like orchard trees, with wide spreading shade. We stopped at noon in a convenient spot with a small spring for our picnic lunch. Driving on just before sunset we arrived at the top of the last hill. On reaching the summit a magnificent sight met our eyes. No words can express the grandeur of the scene. Beyond the small promontory which makes the bay, the Pacific stretched one grand expanse of



water, smooth as glass, the sun hanging red above it, and in the foreground the little bay with its green borders coming close to the shore. We drew up and waited to see the sun sink like a ball of fire into the water, then driving on down the hill, made our camp, and while the men were putting up the tents got supper and made the beds before dark. There was little sleep for we sat by the camp-fire and told stories and sang songs till far into the beautiful moonlight night; then after the women and girls had retired the men serenaded us until almost morning. After breakfast most of the party went across the bay to the main shore, leaving a Mrs. Thompson and me at the camp, as we both had children with us. They crossed the bay in small boats, taking baskets to bring back the spoils, returning about four o'clock in the afternoon, loaded down with clams, muscles, sea weed and beautiful shells. Mr. Ivins had found a number of beautiful shells commonly called sea eggs, fine specimens, not large but perfect. On reaching the camp as he took his basket down from his shoulder where he had carried it he crushed all but two. I still treasure one of them as a memento of a most enjoyable trip. After having a fine dinner of clams and other fish, we started home about six o'clock. The moonlight ride was beautiful, as we did not reach Petaluma till after midnight.

## CHAPTER XXII.



FRIEND of ours, Mr. Hulet, had married the daughter of an old Spaniard, Signor Bohockus, who owned many leagues of land, one of the early Spanish grants. Those old land owners kept many retainers dependent upon them, and when money was needed he would have his flocks, herds and manather of horses which roamed over his broad acres of hill and meadow driven up, and as many as were needed sold, at which time money would be plenty. The round-up generally lasted two weeks, after which there was a good time, ending with a fandango and barbecue. Everybody for miles around was invited. Mr. Hulet had asked us to come to the next one, which would be in the spring. One night about nine o'clock a spring wagon drove up with a message from Mr. Hulet to come to the fandango, that he would send us home whenever we wanted to come.

We at once dressed and taking the baby, left Charley with John. After a drive of five miles we arrived at the place of festivities. The whole house, a large adobe, was thrown open and brilliantly lighted, and dancing was going on to the music of

Spanish guitars. We entered and were most cordially greeted by the host, and introduced as Signor and Signora Ivins. The baby was taken to the nursery, a long room having beds and cradles, with nurses in attendance, where there were at least thirty babies being cared for. The little Sierra was a most accommodating child, and opened her big blue eyes very wide to see the small Spanish boys of six months old or less dressed in short pants, bolero jackets, and the finest of linen cambric shirts, trimmed with dainty thread and Valenciennes lace, and cunning silk socks and slippers. They were too comical and pretty.

We returned to the salon and joined the throng. Mr. Hulet brought up a tall Spaniard, mentioned my name and his. He bowed and offered his arm which I took, and we stepped into the circle of waltzers. One could not help dancing with such a partner, so round and around we went. I could not ask him to stop, but we did when the music ceased. Later Mrs. Hulet took me to the supper room to see the tables before they were demolished, and to the kitchen where the waiters were carving a whole ox, which had been roasted and was steaming hot. It was all so interesting to me, but strange; so like a foreign country. At one o'clock I took my sleeping baby and the conveyance took us home after a most delightful evening. One of my friends sent me a fine pony and I was getting quite independent, riding into town often, also going with my

husband to hunt cattle, and it was delightful riding over these beautiful hills. One day I was going into town; the wind was blowing a gale, there was a long ravine to pass through where the sweep was greatest; when about the middle of this I saw a carriage coming out, and what was my surprise and delight to meet our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cram, on their way out to visit us. They had a big laugh at my expense. I suppose that I looked the perfect country woman, my hat blown onto the back of my neck, my riding skirt filled with wind and the pony, Flossy, going at a keen gallop. I turned back with them, glad to welcome them, and we had a week to be remembered, filled with reminiscences of our never-to-be-forgotten journey, and anticipations for the future.

And now work began in earnest. Making butter and cheese is no child's play, although I had plenty of help and every convenience for making it as easy as possible, and it brought in lots of yellow gold. The knowledge of our prosperous business became known and visitors were numerous at the ranch to see the process which I had learned from an eastern cheese-maker, and to eat the curd and drink the milk and cream. One August day, when we felt more tired than usual a purchaser came, and in an hour's time everything was sold, including four tons of cheese on the shelves. In another hour I was getting clothes ready for my children and preparing to leave that land of grizzlies, coyotes and

rattlesnakes—the latter a local institution, however.

In a few days we bade good-bye to the lonely ranch, which I even then began to regret, spending the last two weeks at the home of my uncle, Dr. Galland, in Petaluma. Our passage was engaged on the steamer *Sierra Nevada*, which sailed September fifth. Our friends, when they found that we had decided to leave, did everything in their power to keep us, and I began to fear that we had made a mistake in leaving the state, but my uncle and aunt intended to return east in the spring, and there were other dear friends at the end of the anticipated journey. If my husband engaged in business again it would be permanent, for as he said he never put his hand to the plow and looked back. The days passed all too quickly. The dear friends just showered us with kindness, but they could not hold back Father Time.

The small stream upon which Petaluma is situated is an arm of San Francisco Bay, and is very crooked, the tide coming in twice a day, and there is a run of five miles in order to make two, and the little steamer could only come in and out with the tide. We were to go by the Isthmus of Nicaragua, in order to visit a place near San Juan, where Mr. Ivins' sisters had lived, and were looking forward to a pleasant journey.

On the morning of September fourth the house

was crowded with friends, mostly men, to say good-bye, and wish us Godspeed. There were few women there then and I had been treated like a queen by them all, and my husband was proud and happy to have it so. The captain of the boat said he would wait for us as long as possible, but the bell kept ringing, and finally a messenger came to say that we must come at once or there would be no water. So with about thirty as escort we rushed down to the boat which pushed off at once. When we arrived at the end of the creek, about five miles down, two hack loads of friends were there before us to say one more good-bye, which was sorrowfully given, for now we began to realize what we were giving up, and that a long weary road lay between us and the old home in Iowa. We arrived in San Francisco in the afternoon, stopped at a hotel till the next afternoon when we went on board the steamer, selected our room and seats at table, and at four o'clock the huge steamer with seven hundred passengers on board left her moorings and slowly steamed out of the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific, "Borne on the sand of the sea and the swelling hearts" within her.

CHAPTER XXIII.



THE sun was low in the horizon as we took our course south past the rocks which guard the Golden Gate, where numerous seals and sea lions were rolling and basking in the balmy September evening. For a few hours all went well, the accommodations were of the best while joy and gladness seemed to rule the hour.

I had with me as traveling companion a young girl, a sister of my friend, Mrs. Cram, who was returning to the States, from a visit to her sister at Shasta City, California. Her vivacity soon attracted a number of young people and drew around us a pleasant circle of gentlemen. My room was headquarters for a merry company, and while I was too sea-sick to take any part in the enjoyment, it was pleasant to have them near me. For twelve days I battled with that miserable ailment during the day, but after dark I could make up for lost time. Mr. Ivins was not much better and the two children were just qualmish enough to make them quiet and gentle. The days were uneventful, much after the order of all ocean trips, a world in itself, till we reached the Gulf of California, where we

encountered a terrific storm. The steamer which was a side-wheeler rolled from side to side. As our berths were across from the cabin to the guards at one moment I would be standing on my feet and the next on my head. The barber shop was torn away and part of one of the wheel houses. The great danger was that the engines would give out, in which event we would certainly have been foundered. The passengers were ordered to their rooms, the captain assuring us that if human exertion could save us he would, but there must be no confusion. We watched anxiously for morning with but faint hope of escaping shipwreck. However, with morning when the sea became more calm, I returned to to my normal condition. We made but one stop between San Francisco and the isthmus, at a small coaling station called Mansanillo on the coast of Mexico. This of course was an important event to both ourselves and the natives who, half-clothed, rowed around us in boats, and pelted us with oranges till we were all well supplied for the remainder of the journey on the Pacific. After many days spent out of sight of land the little village with its bamboo and adobe houses and luxuriant vegetation looked very beautiful. We longed to go on shore, but this was impossible, as we were anchored some distance out in the bay. We traveled several days in sight of one of the Mexican volcanoes which was in a state of eruption; one can scarcely imagine the grandeur of the sight. At night the flames



mounted almost to the zenith, while during the day it seemed a dense cloud of black smoke, a veritable pillar of fire which went before us for several days, reminding us of the children of Israel. We were too great a distance to distinguish the outline of the mountain, but the knowledge that in this instance distance lent safety to our position consoled us for the loss. We also caught a faint sight of the water volcáo, a much more uncommon phenomenon. The weather was so intensely warm that we were obliged to keep our doors open for ventilation, and whenever I raised up to relieve myself the gentleman across the cabin seemed to be keeping me company. One day I laughed, sick as I was; he returned my sickly smile and this was our introduction. That evening when I came out of my room he was waiting to make himself known to me, and give me his name and address, when I introduced him to my husband and friend. He proved to be a Mr. Coleridge of Watertown, N. Y. We quite consoled with each other, deciding that we had the worst cases of mal de mere on the steamer. From that on he became quite confidential, told me that he was coming home to marry the sweetest girl in the States, that all his worldly goods were done up in a bandana handkerchief, that if he lost that he might as well jump overboard at once. I did not tell him, although I wanted to do so, that I was wearing at that time a skirt quilted full of double eagles, which I was sure weighed a ton. I

had also made a chamois skin vest for my husband done in the same way, so we were by no means featherweights.

The steamship company charged fifty per cent. to take care of our money for us and then we were in danger of losing it. There was a revolution going on in Gautamala, and Walker's fillibusters had overrun the country and were confiscating everything available, as we found to our discomfiture before reaching the steamer on the Atlantic side. Another special friend was a gentleman by the name of Springer, a bachelor, who approached us through my little three-year-old boy, who seemed a veritable little man, never having had playmates and from the journeys he had made. As there were no other children on board mine were the pets and playmates of every one and I had very little care of them.

September seventeenth we arrived at San Juan Del Sur, and disembarked to take transfer hacks for the twelve miles of land carriage over the mountains lying between the Pacific Ocean and Lake Nicaragua. These vehicles were like an excursion car with seats running lengthwise, with the driver outside. Our party of fourteen completely filled one, but the team of four mules was all too small to draw the load. Walker's men had taken all the good ones leaving only these miserable church mice.

We started on our perilous journey about ten o'clock in the morning, making a steady ascent for

six miles to the summit and nearly the same distance down, to the little town of Virgin Bay at the foot of the mountain on Lake Nicaragua. We had not proceeded far before the men were compelled to walk, who from time to time were joined by the women, till, to my dismay, I found myself alone with my children and the driver, they having distanced us, being able to out-walk the little mules. We had a large hamper of provisions done up before leaving the steamer, which was very fortunate, for these same Walker's men had confiscated most of the provisions also, leaving the inhabitants almost destitute, and most of the passengers went hungry.

It was some time after noon when we reached the summit and halted at a shanty built of bamboo, where water, lemonade made of limes, and I suppose stronger drinks were sold. The party had all left their packages and satchels in the hack except Mr. Coleridge who very carefully carried his red bandana bundle. They were all out of sight when we drove up, but lying on the counter in plain view was the precious bundle. I saw at once that he had laid it down to rest and walked off and forgotten it, and the proprietor, a native, had not suspicioned its value. I very indifferently asked the driver to hand it to me, and I put it with my belongings. After the driver had refreshed himself and given the poor mules water we started again, had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when we met Mr.

Coleridge coming back on a run; his face was crimson with the heat and he seemed almost exhausted. I tried to attract his attention, but he shook his head and kept on. I then called and held up the bundle, when he stopped and got into the hack almost given out. He thanked me profusely for bringing it to him, but did not divulge its contents. Mr. Springer also entrusted to me a good sized grip, and in return said that he would take charge of little Charlie all the way over if I would claim that as my satchel; so altogether I was quite weighed down with responsibility. It was well I did not realize the great danger that surrounded us, for the fillibusters on one side and revolutionists on the other were no respecter of persons. I have never understood why we were not molested. The company had troops to guard the baggage and treasure which consisted of bags of gold. This was hauled across the entire isthmus in two-wheeled carts drawn by Spanish oxen having horns nearly or quite a yard across, to which were attached strips of wood with chains leading from them to the carts. The oxen were driven by native teamsters. After an hour or so, to my great relief, we overtook our party and I begged them not to leave me again.

It was almost dark when we reached Virgin Bay and were driven at once to the depot. Rain was beginning to fall and standing room was at a pre-

mium. We decided to open our hamper and have supper, but had to spread it in a very small space and stand as best we could. It was rather poor eating with nothing to wash it down. Mr. Springer mysteriously disappeared and after quite a lapse of time returned with a Mexican drinking cup filled with chocolate. He passed it around in true loving-cup fashion, and when it was drained some one else would take his turn in getting it filled. In this way we made quite a comfortable meal, considering the place and circumstances. However, with a scarcity of food we thought ourselves very fortunate, as most of the people were entirely without. When we had finished and were putting up our supplies Mr. Springer said to me, "Mrs. Ivins, the cup is yours." I gladly accepted it and still cherish it as a memento of rather an uncommon experience. It is quite a curiosity, made of some kind of a nut, carved while soft into queer patterns by the natives who generally carry them. They are usually small, but this is the largest we saw.

## CHAPTER XXIV.



IN a scow faced with sheet iron the passengers were being taken out to the lake steamer about fifty at a time by the light of pine torches, which occupied most of the night. We were to go in the last trip, and were all on board, Mr. Ivins bringing up the rear with the valuable hamper. As he stepped onto the gunwale his foot slipped throwing him headlong into the midst of us. Just at this moment a voice called out of the darkness, "Is there a man here by the name of Ivins?" My husband replied from his prostrate position, "Yes, I am right here; what do you want?" The captain of the scow said that he had orders to look after us and make our trip across as pleasant as possible. This was an agreeable surprise, which we learned was due to Mr. Ruggles, the steamship company's agent on the isthmus, a friend of my husband's sister, Mrs. Anderson, who had gone with her husband to Nicaragua for the benefit of his health. He died shortly after, leaving her among strangers, but who proved to be friends.

The company offered her great inducements to remain and open a hotel for the accommodation of travelers. Having decided to do so she erected a

building of bamboo quite large and roomy, where she lived for five years. The officers of the company were most kind to her, bringing her supplies from New York and helping her in many ways. It was only necessary for her to serve meals four times a month, to the outgoing and incoming passengers. Not infrequently they met at Castillo Falls, her home, and she would serve meals to from one to two thousand people in one or two days. At the time of our visit she had returned to Keokuk, but had written to Mr. Ruggles that we would be on the isthmus in September, and he being determined to find us, had made inquiry of every lot of passengers until he met us on this most perplexing trip. Our scow did not reach the lake steamer until after two o'clock in the morning, which we found to be like an excursion boat with no accommodations for sleeping. Imagine seven hundred people tired out lying around on benches or any other place they could find and you have the scene. My husband, children and myself, accompanied by Miss Hughes, were shown at once to the captain's room and went to bed as comfortably as if we were at home. It is always well to have friends at court. There was no prospect of crossing the lake that night. The rain had ceased and the morning dawned bright and clear with the wind blowing a gale, which rose higher with the sun, but did not go down with it, so we lay here at anchor till the morning of the second day. Our stay gave us ample

time to admire the lake which is a beautiful sheet of water, with an island in the center shaped like a sugar loaf, and the shores are lined with the most luxuriant vegetation. We were beginning to feel anxious about the steamer on the other side, as we had been so long in crossing. We had turned the hamper over to the rest of our party who were very glad to have it, while we were living high at the captain's table. There were many curious glances cast at us and questions why we had the privilege of the upper deck, which was denied to others. At daylight the second morning we started across the lake; the run was beautiful and occupied the entire forenoon. Every one was enthusiastic, for now we felt that we were making up for lost time. At about noon we reached the head of San Juan River and were transferred on movable bridges to the waiting river boat, and before one o'clock were again under way down the narrow river whose banks were overhung with tropical trees with drooping branches dipping into the water and brushing the sides of the boat. The trees were filled with birds of beautiful plumage, parrots, parroquites and many other varieties, while several kinds of monkeys chattered overhead.

At the entrance of the river is an old fort, and some twelve miles down is Fort Castillo, at the falls or rapids of the same name. The adobe buildings stood on the summit of a steep hill overlooking a



few bamboo houses, among them that once owned by Mrs. Anderson. Here we were obliged to change steamers, walking around the falls, meantime stopping for dinner at the hotel where they had been expecting us for three days. The house was then kept by Mr. Crocket, a former resident of Keokuk. When we entered the hotel Mr. and Mrs. Crocket were trying to get up a dinner, the former with a sick child in his arms. The tables were filled with a clamoring crowd who had no prospect of a speedy meal. Having asked Miss Hughes to take charge of the children and packages for me I went immediately to the kitchen where Mr. Crocket was, and asked what I could do to help her. She seemed glad to have me and directed me to scramble eggs. I used a five-gallon keg of them before I left the stove. Mr. Ivins was helping Mr. Crocket wait on the tables. Many of the men were at the kitchen door with their plates. When they saw us go to the rescue a cheer went up and some one said, "We will get something now, one of our ladies is going to help cook." Mrs. Crocket told our party to wait till the crowd had finished, when she would get us up an extra dinner, but before we were half through eating the boat bell rang pre-emptorily and we were obliged to leave on a run. Captain Townsend told us that he had waited for us as long as he possibly could.

We took our way on down the river, which grew wider and deeper with the same luxuriant vegeta-

tion, the dense jungles coming quite to the water's edge. The boat was crowded to such an extent that the officers were obliged to keep the people in the center of it for fear it would capsize. At about two o'clock in the morning we arrived at Gray Town, at the mouth of San Juan River, the small river boat taking us out to the waiting ocean steamer, where we climbed up the stairs by the light of torches, feeling as if we were getting home once more. The vessel on which we again embarked was the historical steamer *Star of the West*, which we all remember so well as being fired into in Charleston Harbor—the first shot of the Civil War—as she was taking troops to Fort Sumpter for the relief of its brave commander, Anderson. I little thought when I traveled on her what vicissitudes the beautiful vessel would encounter, making her so noted in history. They had been waiting three days for us and had steam up to leave at daylight. The troubles at Guatamala had compelled the company to discontinue the Aspinwall line of steamers for awhile, and that was the last vessel leaving Gray Town for three months. What would have been the consequence if we had been a few hours later it is hard to tell. As it was our long stay on the isthmus cost many poor men their lives. It was almost impossible for people to get food even if they had the means, and the steerage passengers lived on green bananas and plantains, the result being that the cholera broke out among them as

soon as they boarded the *Star of the West*, and about fifty died before we arrived at Key West, where we landed for coal. Strange to say, there was no sickness in any other part of the vessel. I noticed a peculiar motion in the vessel, owing to the stopping of the engines, which I found to be for the purpose of giving some poor fellow his burial in the briny deep. We spent the most part of the day at Key West, Florida, enjoying the quaint old town, made beautiful by its wealth of magnolia and oleander trees and other beautiful flowers. We also purchased many curios and choice sea shells from the coral reefs nearby. At sundown we again boarded the steamer to find that the steerage passengers had left in a body for fear of the epidemic. We learned also that the yellow fever was raging in Key West, so I fear they were not much better off. However, strange to say, there was not another case of cholera on the steamer; nevertheless we were compelled to spend the night at quarantine on our arrival at New York. I had become quite accustomed to the rolling motion of the *Sierra Nevada* on the Pacific Ocean, but the *Star of the West* pitched from bow to stern, and when she mounted a wave and started down the other side my heart went clear down to my boots; it was like learning all over again.

We had the usual storm off Cape Hatteras, but we weathered it bravely. The arrival at New York

September twenty-ninth gave me no thrill of pleasure, for I was already longing for my California home. We remained in quarantine all night; no one went to bed, but sang songs, played cards, danced and tried to while away the weary hours. Some one struck up the song, "The sun shies bright on my California home," and I longed for the lonely ranch, even to the coyotes and the grizzly bears. I begged my husband to make a visit and go back, but he said again he never put his hand to the plow and looked back; so with a heavy heart I journeyed on to Keokuk to meet many dear friends who were so kind that after awhile I became reconciled to remain where my lot seemed to be cast, but I have never ceased to remember with pleasure my loved home in the land of sunshine and flowers.

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CHAPTER XXV.



WHILE the changes on previous occasions of absence had been great, during this it was almost marvelous, and when we arrived in Keokuk again with a small fortune in gold, the boom of 1856 was at its height. Property was held at fabulous prices, people were perfectly wild and soon my husband was as much so as the rest. No persuasion or entreaties on my part could restrain him, and in a short time he had invested all we had in Keokuk real estate, bought a fine home on Grand Avenue at the head of Seventh street, and proceeded to enjoy life. But alas for human plans they "Aft gang aglee." The social side of life was most delightful. Every one seemed prospering; parties, receptions and entertainment was constantly going on, which were never excelled in this place.

The first theater called the Athaeneum, was erected about 1856 on Second street, between Main and Johnson. It was well patronized and many high-class entertainments were given. One of the most elaborate theatricals ever gotten up here was that of the Mistletoe Bough, presented by some young people for a charitable object. It would have

done credit to professionals in point of elegance and beauty of the participants. The costumes of the ladies were many of them heirlooms of brocade and velvet trimmed with rare old lace, with rouge and powder and patches. The gentlemen who were in colonial dress of velvet and buff satin, knee pants and buckles with wigs and cues, were royal companions for the grace and beauty of the ladies. The play—a pantomime—was given three nights and the house was packed each night.

One of the notable gatherings of 1856 was called the "Southern Ball," gotten up by the Southern element which was very strong, composed of people from several southern states, Kentuckians being largely preponderant.

This ball was intended to and probably did surpass in point of elegance anything ever given here before. No pains were spared in its appointments; for weeks little else was thought or talked of among the gay set, and it seemed the climax of splendor for the little city. And indeed was almost a forerunner of the crash of 1857, whose faint warnings were even then beginning to be felt, which in a few short months changed the aspect of the town in business as well as socially.

Many of those who appeared to be on the top way of prosperity lost their all in the general wreck. Property that had been valued at fabulous prices could hardly be given away; business was at a stand-

still; many additions which had been laid off with the expectations of making their owners wealthy, were returned to their original use as corn fields or potato patches, with no signs of extending the town for years to come.

Before there were any indications of returning prosperity, the clouds of disagreement between the North and South, which had seemed but clouds in the distance, broke over us, and the first gun fired in Charleston harbor echoed in Keokuk.

Being situated so near the border, and with such varied elements, feeling ran high. And now indeed nothing was talked of but the war. It was hoped, however, that before the time of the men enlisted for one hundred days expired, all would be settled. Many of the men began to organize companies and regiments for the continuance of the strife, which was assuming such alarming proportions. As will be seen from history, many Keokuk men received commissions elsewhere. But Company A of Iowa Second Regiment was eminently a Keokuk company, and was composed mostly of the crack militia company of the city who had volunteered almost in a body. And many of the bravest Iowa officers were selected from the Keokuk rifles.

The regiment was in camp here awaiting orders, which might come at any time. The days were replete with interesting occurrences. Among them

few will remember the making of the first flag that went from Keokuk to the scene of conflict.

A small band of patriotic women resolved that our boys should have a fine flag. I being young and energetic, was awarded the honor of managing the enterprise. I ordered the silk, for it must be made of silk, and when it came planned and cut out the beautiful emblem. For many days a faithful half-dozen met at my house and sewed the long seams, and deft fingers placed the white stars on the field of blue. The staff was made of strong wood, with heavy cord and tassels. It was the regulation size, and when all was completed we were quite satisfied with the result of our labors. We went out often to see the soldiers drill, and arranged for a grand presentation. But alas! before the day arrived to present our beautiful banner, the Iowa Second Regiment was ordered to the front.

One of the large St. Louis packets, the Jennie Dean, was chartered to take them south. Nothing daunted, however, the faithful half-dozen rose with the dawn on that memorable morning, gathered flowers in the rain, and with them and the beloved flag hurried down to the wharf, where all the citizens were assembled, and amid smiles and tears gave it to those we loved so well, to be borne by them to victory or death. We showered them with flowers, and as the steamer swung out into the stream a loud hurrah went up from the soldiers



boys for "The girls they left behind them." Company A carried our flag all through the war, bringing it back tattered and torn by shot and shell. It was taken to Des Moines where it is still preserved as a precious relic among others at the capital, while most of those whose love and loyalty were in its making have crossed the divide.

Keokuk was selected as a hospital post, and there were established five hospitals, the Estes House and the Keokuk Hotel being the largest. Hundreds of sick and disabled soldiers were brought here. The arrival of a steam boat with a yellow flag was the signal for every one to turn out to their assistance, and the inhabitants never failed in their devotion to those who were defending our beloved country. Our National Cemetery speaks for itself of those who found their last bivouac on its quiet slopes.

One might go on and relate many interesting events of the years of the Civil War. They are of so recent date, however, as to be well remembered by the present inhabitants. But most of those who played their part in the earlier days have passed to the Beyond, and only two or three remain, and of these only one to gather up the threads of memories of the past and weave them into Pen Pictures of the Beautiful Long Ago.

THE END.



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Am. Lovers 19

Am. Lovers 10

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Burr 2

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